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ON THE PIER AT NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MARC COOK.

When the moon shines out on the river there,
Kissing the waves with a silvery splendor;
Flowing forever, they dash up and quiver there,
Rustling and savage, or rhythmic and tender.
In the distance are beacon-lights gleaming,
And far toward the bay and the boisterous ocean;
Where the waters seem, tossing and shimmering,
Rocking and swaying in ceaseless commotion.

Down from their slips the ferry-boats, ponderously,
Crawl in huge bodies, go sluggishly creeping,
While the black hulks of the ships, resting slumb'rously,
Lie there as giants might lie who are sleeping.

Far and far stretched the city, its spires all
Crowned by the silvery moonlight's refulgence;
Veiled by the night are the day's hot desires all,
Even unmastering fiercest indulgence.

Down the broad river forever goes surging on,
Now by the sunlight or stormily frantic;
Now varying currents are urging on,
Rolling by the pulse of the mighty Atlantic.

Oh, for the terrible, manifold mysteries
Under these waters, so silently flowing!
Oh, for the sorrowful, tragical histories
Buried beneath them, and past all our knowing!
Many a broken hundreds have wandered despairingly
Here on the water-soaked docks of the river;
Many have gone on the black waters glaringly,
Fiercely calling on Christ to forgive her;
Sisters and brothers and once-cherished daughters fair,
Fleeing to hope until hope was but ashes;
All have gone down in those swift-flowing waters there,
Borne by remorse's unmerciful lashes.

Now the night deepens. Ghostly its beauty is—
Is there's a shadowy shape. Do you shiver?
No, 'tis Despair, the demon whose duty is
Mainly to point to the deep, silent river.

FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BLANCHE HART.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.—SHAKESPEARE.

Michael Letolle sat in his little shop engaged
In daily work of making and mending harness.
At intervals, in a merry voice he sang snatches
Of old French war-song; for he had been a soldier
In his younger days, and the fire of patriotism
Still burned within his breast. As he finished
Each day's work and arose to hang away the
Gear upon which he had been working, the
Door of an adjoining room was opened and a
Graceful Hebe face, with short curls clustering
About a broad, pure brow, pearly teeth glitter-
ing between coral lips, was thrust in.

"Supper, mon père," said a voice, sweet as the
Call of a spring-bird.

"Good, gaily. I have an appetite for enjoying it,
And good news, which I can tell you while I
Eat, at least," said Michael as he finished wiping
The tools at the little bench that stood in his

"How can it be, *cher père?* and how have you
Heard it?" said Pauline as they passed into the
Little kitchen, and sat down to their simple even-
ing meal of toast and tea, with a relish of dried-
beef and cheese.

"Best of all," said Michael as he helped him-
self plentifully to toast, "Archie has come

Pauline glanced at Pauline with a twinkle in his
Merry black eyes, expecting to see his own joy re-
flected in her face. Her gaze being averted, he

"She is a rich man now, my girl. He has in-
herited all his uncle's vast wealth. You need no
longer delay your marriage, Pauline. There is a
grand future before you as the wife of Archie
Greyson. Of course, he will be here this evening
to tell of his good fortune." Michael glanced
at the old-fashioned clock that stood in the cor-
ner, as he passed his cup to be refilled. Pauline
blushed deeply at mention of her mar-
riage with Archie Greyson; but she expressed no
token of gratification at his changed fortune.
Her brow contracted slightly as she replied:

"Archie and I are not betrothed, *pere*, and I do
not believe that we ever shall be."

Then a quick, furtive glance at her father,
as if afraid of the effect of what she said.

"How can this mean, Pauline? You have
been sweethearts for a year. Because
Archie went for a few weeks, can you not remain
true to him? *Who* has taken his place in your
heart? Have you permitted that city chap
with fascinating here to turn your allegiance
from Archie Greyson? *Mon Dieu!* if I thought so
I would take down my old rifle and put a bullet
through him!" said the infuriate Frenchman,
bringing his clenched hand down with emphasis
upon the table. "He may talk to you of love,
but I doubt if he has ever spoken of

Pauline was pale and frightened. Never in her
life had she seen such an intense gleam in her
father's eyes. Never before had she incurred his
displeasure, as Michael loved his child, who
was all the world to him since the hour when
death took from him a loving helpmeet, he could
not have forgiven her for being untrue to
Archie Greyson, whom he respected and loved,
and long hoped to call his son.

Michael had arisen from the table, in his
anger, without having finished his meal.
Pauline went into his work-room to put things
away for the night. Pauline, pale and agita-
ted, cleared away the tea-things, and had finish-
ed her work when Michael returned to the kitch-
en. At that moment a knock sounded on the outer
door. Michael attended the summons, and Pauline
received his cordial greeting to Archie, and her
own anxious inquiry for herself. She went into
the room and changed her dress for a simple
white one; two half-blown buds of a white vining
rose, shaded her window—which the toying
breeze played in and out as if to tempt her—she
placed among her dark rich curls.
Then she looked from her small mirror—
startled herself. She was too young and un-
versed in the art of dissimulation to conceal
her joy beneath a mask. She must make an
effort least to do so; she stood at the door a
moment, with her hand upon the knob, and, put-
ting a semblance of a smile upon her face, en-
tered the parlor. Archie's joy at meeting her was
in every look and tone. He did not fail,
however, to detect an agitation in her manner,
which he thought was not due to her meeting with
him. He related the incidents connected with his
visit South, and his succession to wealth, think-
ing to interest Pauline. Michael congratulated
him with a look of apprehension on his
daughter, and soon found an excuse to leave
the young people with opportunity the lovers
sought mutual understanding.

The embarrassing silence came between them
when left alone, broken only by an occasional
commonplace remark. Twilight shadows crept
softly through the room where these two sat
so palely been happy lovers. The Summer
moon came slanting in at the humble case-
ment, and fell across the carpet at their
feet, and still the ice-wall that had come between
them unmelted. It is often the case that
when we part with warmest protestations of
love, and fond caresses, never meet in the same
manner again; something—we cannot give
it a name unless we call it *fate*—comes between
us, and one or both seem changed. Never
before still they experience the deep sense of hap-
piness they felt when last they parted. Another
influence is made wherein must be laid sweet, dead
hopes to be resurrected. Archie's heart was
yearning for the future of the woman he
loved, where the hour he found himself possessed
of all he had dreamed of the moment when
he should be at Pauline's side, and ask her to be
his wife. But the anticipated bliss of this hour
was a delusion; Pauline was changed. How?
He knew not. At last he moved near her—
his side.

"Pauline, are you not glad to see me? Have
you nothing to say to me?" he said, looking down
upon the sweet girlish face that was so dear to

"Yes, I am glad to see you, Archie. We should
always be glad to see our friends," she said with
a constrained voice.

"Friends! Pauline, are *we* only friends? Do
you not read in such light estimation the deep passion
of my heart that has poured out its wealth
of love to you? How long have you regarded my
devotion in the light of friendship?" said Archie,
assuming an almost icy tone. "You must *answer*
me," he continued as she covered her face with
both hands to hide the revelation he would other-
wise have seen written there. She was ashamed
to let him know her fickleness.

He waited a moment for her answer, but a
stifled sob only met his ear. In an instant his
arm was around her, his resentment all gone.

"What is it, my little Paul.? Have I given you
cause for tears? I had hoped to make you happy
to-night—to offer a bright future for your accept-
ance; but I find you so changed I dare not
ask ——"

"Oh, do not ask me anything to-night. I do not
deserve your love or kindness," sobbed Pauline
from her overcharged heart.

"Do not talk so, child! You have always de-
served my love; and need it now more than ever
if you are unhappy. Will you not confide in me,
darling? I can shield you from all sorrow,"
pleaded Archie, still hoping to gain the secret of
her grief.

"No, no; you cannot. Only leave me alone to-
night, Archie, and forgive me if I cause you pain,"
she said, her face still hidden from the moonlight.

"I will go, Pauline, if you wish it; but my heart
is full of misgivings. When we meet again I
trust all will be right, and your sorrow all gone."

He bent over her and pressed his lips to her
sweet, childish brow, and to the dark curl that
crowned it. Slowly, then, he went out into the
moonlight.

Burning deep in his heart were the unspoken
words he had hoped would win Pauline's promise
to be his wife. He wished now that he had spoken
them, and compelled her to answer him—to tell
him her sorrow.

He stopped for a moment and looked back at
the humble cot, nestling amid roses and wood-
bines, that sent their fragrance far out upon the
Summer breeze, even to where he stood. Some
mysterious influence seemed to bid him return to
it. He stood for a moment undecided.

Did his eyes deceive him, or was it a reality?
—the small white figure that emerged from the
porch of the cottage and sped along the quiet
street. He stood gazing, half hoping that Pauline
had repented of her coldness, and wished to re-
call him. The seeming phantom flitted along
until it neared a narrow lane that led down by a
dense hedge to a copsewood of water-willows that
grew near the small river that flowed through the
village. Then a passing cloud overshadowed the
moon, rendering objects indistinct. When it again
shone out, nothing could be seen but the earth
lying in the tranquillity of a Summer night. A
light gleaming from a window here and there
through the village cast flickering rays that
looked wan and weird in the brighter light of the
moon, and made Archie think of stories he had
heard of will-o'-the-wisps luring poor lost travel-
ers on to destruction. A dismal hooting in a tree
close by his path made him start nervously as he
hastened on.

Archie was mystified. Why should Pauline go
out alone at such an hour? It must have been an
optical illusion—the effect of the bright moonlight
and the remembrance of the small white figure
he had left behind him. There was nothing he
could do but return home sad and troubled.
Could he have seen the graceful, handsome man
sitting on the old stile in the shadow of Haw-
thorne hedge, awaiting Pauline's coming, and
who clasped her to his breast as the moon hid
itself behind a cloud, he would not have slept
even the troubled sleep that finally overcame his
senses that night. Was it the premonition of
some evil threatening Pauline that caused him to
start so often from his sleep?

Guy Raimont had come to the little village of
Rockville ostensibly to find an old college-chum
he had heard was living there. Why he had
lingered for three weeks it was not difficult for
those who were the least observant to surmise.

The day after the departure of Archie Greyson
and his mother for the death-bed of his uncle,
Pauline had met Raimont at a rustic dance and
picnic given by the landlady's daughter. From
the moment of their meeting Guy seemed be-
witched by the beauty and sweetness of Pauline
Letolle. Not less was Pauline charmed by the
subtle influence which he threw around her like
a silken net, drawing her wholly and unconscious-
ly within his power.

It was with anger and annoyance that Michael
had observed the marked attention of this hand-
some stranger to Pauline, whom he considered as
already belonging exclusively to Archie Greyson,
and he had forbidden her to have ary further ac-
quaintance with him. But the serpent had en-
tered Eden, and Pauline was another Eve. She
did not turn a deaf ear to the alluring voice that
whispered of passionate delights, of love forbid-
den, yet sweet.

None but themselves—and God—knew of their
stolen interviews on the mossy banks of the trout-
stream, where the water-willows hung low, kiss-
ing the heads of the blue daisies in the grass.
Those hours were so fraught with bliss that Pau-
line lived but for the moment that would take
her again to her side. The one dream of her life
was to be the wife of Guy Raimont. She never
doubted his intention of ultimately making her
such. Her young breast was filled with bitter re-
morse when she thought of the shattered hopes
of Archie Greyson, who had loved her so long, so
truly, and of Pere Michael's disappointment; but
she told her own heart that she could not sacri-
fice her happiness to complete another's.

The figure that Archie had watched until it
mysteriously vanished from sight sped down the
narrow lane before mentioned, and was soon
seated at Raimont's side, on the broken stile, his
eyes beaming down on her sweet, trusting face.
Guy had asked her to meet him to-night, and her
young untutored heart had chanted all day long
the sweet, delicious words: "To-night we shall be
plighted lovers."

"You are late, my pet; I feared you were not
coming. It would have grieved me much to have
gone away without seeing you once more," said
Guy with unwonted seriousness in his tone.

"To go where, Guy?" said Pauline, a shade of
anxiety crossing her face.

"I return to New York to-morrow."

Pauline gave a quivering sigh, but, with
a hope still lingering in her heart, she said:

"You had something you wished to say to me,
Guy?"

"Yes, Pauline—it is this: I want you to soon for-
get me. We may never meet again." His voice
grew husky—it cost him an effort to speak the
words he knew would cause her pain. He waited
for some response, scarcely knowing what next
to say.

Pauline sat white and motionless, her fingers
wound tightly together upon her knees.

"I should have told you before this that we
could never be more to each other than we now
are. I thought you understood me, Pauline. I
am bound to another as much as if I were already
married. Chance threw us together, but a re-
lentless destiny separates us."

Again he waited for some word, but she spoke
not. His heart was tortured by the silent anguish
of her young face, the utter dejection of her
attitude.

"You must *try* to be happy again, as you were
before I came. Will you, Pauline?" he said, his
perplexity becoming great.

He bent over her and took her cold hands in his.

"Come, my pet," he said, using the name he had
so often called her. "Come, the night is clouding;
you will be chilled, and the way will be dark."

His words seemed to arouse her at last.

"Yes, I shall be chilled and the way will be
dark," she repeated, strangely calm. "O Guy!
I cannot bear this! Go, go, and leave me here!"

Guy Raimont drew her to his breast, where she
had so often lain, in her confiding love, and kissed
her stricken face; then, bidding her hasten back
to the house, he fled from the spot, glad of any
chance to free himself from the painful position
he occupied. He dared not look back lest he
should be tempted to return to the heart-broken
girl, with no power to comfort.

When in his own room at the inn he made
preparations for departure in the morning, and
then threw himself on his bed—to think, but not
to sleep. He fought a fierce battle through the
long night, and when the gray dawn stole in at his
window he had come off conqueror. He would
act the man instead of the villain. He would give
up the stately Maud Harcourt, and her hundred
thousand. She would tell Pauline that he would
make her his wife. He realized now how much
he loved her. He could not break her trusting
heart. Maud Harcourt had no heart to break.

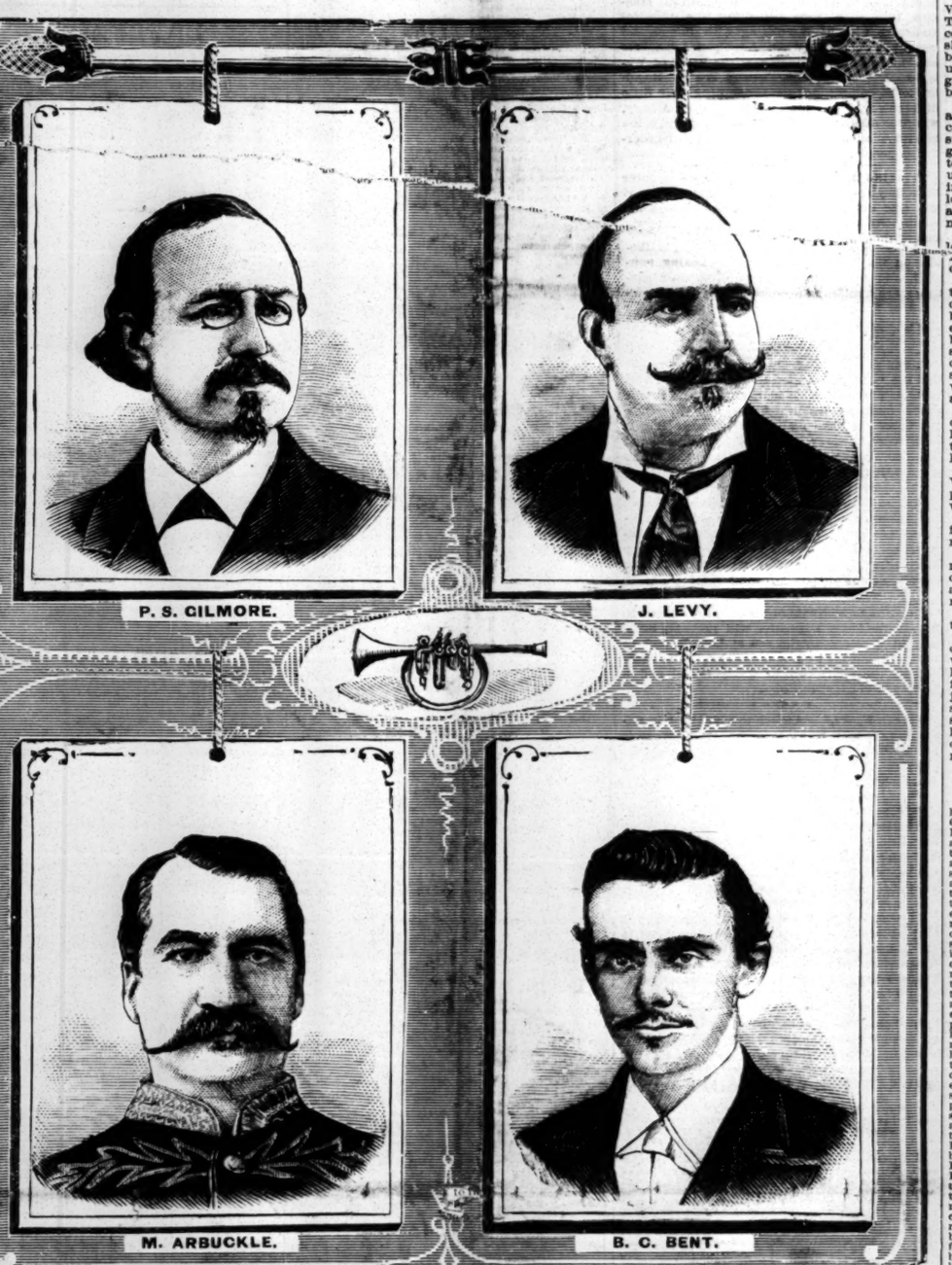
He ate his breakfast and strolled out for a walk
through the village, only waiting for a reasonable
hour to seek Pauline at her father's cottage.
There was an unusual stir and commotion far
down the street, and he walked on with the inten-
tion of ascertaining the cause of the excitement.
A group of persons were coming from the direc-
tion of the river, bearing something on a litter
formed of branches. A small boy running past
hallooed to him that somebody was drowned. The
procession of villagers came slowly near. He
stood transfixed with horror, his blood frozen in
his veins, at the object that met his gaze.

Pauline!—cold and dead, her glassy eyes fixed on
vacancy, the wet curls, where nestled two crushed
and withered roses, clinging to her white brow,
water dripping from her garments. They passed
him by, Archie Greyson walking beside the dead.
Their eyes met for one moment, and the look that
was on Raimont's face was a revelation to Archie
Greyson.

They had found the body drifted shoreward,
and held by some broken branches and driftwood.
None but God and the man she had so cruelly
loved knew the sad mystery of her last moments,
or could comprehend the childish despair that
led to such an act.

Archie Greyson and his mother removed to the
city to take possession of their inherited wealth.
Guy Raimont, after returning to his home, which
was in the same metropolis, fulfilled his marriage
engagement with Maud Harcourt. She never
knew what had wrought such a mysterious change
in the man of her choice, making him at times
silent and sad. He and Archie Greyson met oc-
casionally in society, and when they looked into
each other's eyes, as they had once before when
Pauline's dead face lay between them, the mask
that each wore was as gossamer. Archie knew
that the sequel of Pauline's fate was locked in the
heart of Guy Raimont. Raimont knew that the
man whom he had despoiled of happiness had
read the secret of his heart.

Poor old Michael spent his first bitter days of
mourning in his lonely cot, but finally yielded to
kind persuasions, and spent the remainder of his
life with Archie Greyson.



P. S. GILMORE. J. LEVY.

M. ARBUCKLE. B. C. BENT.

A QUARTET OF CORNET-PLAYERS.

THE EMERALD RING.

A STRANGE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

I was standing alone in the sunset, before a painted portrait—an old picture, magnificently executed. It was the face of a man, a young face, too, but in the dreamy eyes there was a lurking devil; about the proud, firm mouth there was a touch of scorn. A wonderfully handsome face, with weird, dark eyes, the red blood mantling his olive cheek; great waves of hair, black as ebon, pushed back, as though by an impatient move-ment, from a broad brow white as marble. There was a fascination, a subtle, irresistible fascination, about the face, which magnetized me, and held me spellbound before it, as I have seen a devotee stand with uplifted eyes and clasped hands be-fore his patron saint.

Mayhap something was due to the fact that the portrait was that of Paul De Vere, one of Wayne De Vere's ancestors; and it was not difficult to trace a likeness to him in the features before me. I was the adopted daughter of Madame De Vere, who, with her only son—Wayne—was the last of a long race of proud and haughty aristocrats. Liv-ing in a spacious but old-fashioned mansion, in the outskirts of New Orleans, madame delighted to gather around her the young and gay, and the wide old house was now filled with guests. I had been very happy until the demon of jealousy had entered my heart and taken possession. I think I was the most jealous woman that ever lived. I speak in the past tense, you see. Ever since I had learned to love Wayne De Vere—as I unfor-tunately had done—I had watched his every move-ment closely, and any unusual attention to the fair ladies assembled there had made me feel like committing murder; for he had been my constant companion for so long a time that I had come to regard him as a part of my life; and now—that Helen Leigh had come with her fair, blonde face, quite eclipsing my Southern dusk-ness, I was almost insane with jealousy. Strive as I might, I could not conquer it; and, on the day upon which my story opens, I had been in-formed by Helen herself that her wedding-day was approaching, and soon she would be a wife. Of course she would marry Wayne. From the first time I had seen them together the stolen, sharp pang at my heart had told me the truth, and obliged me to acknowledge what a superb pair they were. But, stung to madness by their apparent happiness, I had slipped away from the merry groups, and crept up the wide staircase to the ancient picture-gallery. There I had been standing for an hour, at least—until at last the sun had set, and the golden glory which followed in its wake gilded the features before me, and flood-ed the long, low, dusty old room, hung about by works of art, and filled with queer, old-fashioned furniture, and souvenirs of many a year of travel in "far, fair, foreign lands." There were huge old mahogany tables, there were relics of the days of Louis le Grande, there were mosaics, and priceless bits of old china and glass, while through the dying splendor of the sunset's gold gleamed the marble face of a sculptured Psyche. There in a corner, half concealed by a faded cur-tain of violet velvet, peered forth a marble Niobe, while not far off a figure of Thanatos, with the white rose of silence pressed against the marble lips. Through the huge panes of stained glass at the end of the long gallery the sun's rays were still struggling and dying out, leaving behind a broad, purple pathway, which looked like blood. In its rich Tyrian glows I fancied I saw a smile cross the lips of the portrait; and, as I turned away with a gesture of disdain at my own non-sensical imagination, my eyes fell upon a ring, which glittered and gleamed upon one of the tapering fingers, half concealed by wide ruf-fles of costly lace. It was a curious and massive ring, its setting—an emerald—cut in the form of an Egyptian scarabaeus, or beetle; and, glowing in the pale light, it seemed alive. A beautiful creature, with its sharp, round eyes and long antennæ, its wings one vivid, unwink-ing green, all so life-like as to startle one. As I gazed, all interest, again the red lips of the por-trait seemed to part with a sardonic smile, which changed to an expression of intense suffering, and I solemnly declare that there fell upon my ears a low, sad, but distinct moan. My heart stood still for an instant; then, with a horror un-speakable, I fled from the haunted gallery.

At the foot of the stairs, in a sheltered alcove, where a marble Flora scattered flowers all day, I caught sight of Wayne standing in earnest con-versation with Helen Leigh. He was exactly like his ancestor—Paul De Vere—as he bent his dark head close to the fair face of my rival. I could not endure the scene, and I hastened to my own apartment, where I locked myself in and paced the floor the live-long night.

The next morning I wandered through the old-fashioned cemetery which adjoined the De Vere estate. According to the customs of the country, and the fact that the soil seldom admits of under-ground interments, the resting-places of the dead were tombs of brick and marble. The cemetery, which was a very ancient one, now unused and seldom visited, was filled with huge oaks, hung about by sombre, gray Spanish moss, which trailed like faded crape streamers over the ne-glected tombs, and resembled, with their funer-eal badges, "mourners come to weep." It was a bright, cheerful, cloudless morning; but, some-how, as I entered the cemetery, a chill stole over me—"something was the matter with the sun-shine." Death seemed all around. As I closed the rickety gate behind me, a huge blacksnake glided out from some dark creeping plant, and, winding its way in and out, like the sinuous thing it was, disappeared at the base of a tomb close at hand. "They shall lie down alike in the dust" a voice seemed to whisper, "and the worms shall cover them." I shuddered, and would have retraced my steps. I paused hesitatingly; but something seemed to urge me on. I made a for-ward step, and the Rubicon was passed.

On and on I wandered, aimlessly enough, pass-ing many tall tombs of costly gray marble, fashioned after some old Oriental pat-tern. It was large and spacious, and bore at the top the arms and crest of the ancient house of De Vere. I threw myself down on the luxuriant grass, which grew thick and green before it, and was soon buried in profound meditation. I was thinking bitter thoughts—thoughts of the man whom I loved, and the woman that had stolen in between him and me. I was aroused by a low, soft, sibilant laugh; I raised my eyes. A tall, dark figure stood beside me, clad in the costume of a dead-and-gone time, and the face, O Heav-ens! was the face of Paul De Vere, whose dust had long ago been interred in the tomb before me. He held up one hand, with a detaining ges-ture, and I saw upon one taper finger the un-canny emerald, flashing like a thing of evil omen. Powerless to move, enchained by the great, dark eyes even as I had been by the pictured orbs, I sat silent, my heart scarcely beating—a sensation of impending horror in the air. Then, O hor-ror! the voice spoke—a rich, low voice—and called me by my name.

"Eleanor Bentley," it said in mournful accents, which somehow compelled me to listen, "wait. I have something to say to you."

In the very desperation of fear I crouched there, and the voice went on.

"I am Paul De Vere," it said, "and for a century I have lain in that tomb. Listen while I open the doors and show you the awful secret which I have borne thither with me, since I was young and flattered and courted. I had all the world at my feet; yet I bartered it—all that the world can give and eternity can hold—for a woman's smile, a fair, false thing, a cheat and a delusion, like the rest of her sex. Valerie De Liancourt was my ruin, yet she was my wife. How I loved the pretty creature, the paint-ed snare that caught me and held me and would not let me go until, like the spider with its victim, she had drawn the life-blood from my veins. I cannot tell you of the agony that was mine when I found out beyond a doubt that she was false to me. I fled from my childhood's home, I fled far over the seas. I became a wan-derer—an Ishmael to the world. Asia and the Orient were as familiar to me as household words. For many months I made my home amid the mys-teries of Egypt. It was there, in the opened tomb of an ancient Egyptian monarch, that I found this emerald scarabaeus. There was a tradition connected with it, a story that told of its power to destroy. The person wearing this ring would know this world and its joys and sorrows but for a brief space longer. Whatever the mystery was no one could fathom. Enough for me—*it would kill!*" Well, I started for home, reached it safely, presented the ring to my beautiful bride. With her greed for such baubles she eagerly accepted it, and within four-and-twenty hours she was a livid corpse. Ha! ha! It was a rare revenge. But, somehow, after that life became a burden —a hideous nightmare. I decided to die. I put the ring upon my finger, and I am here!"

There was a pause like death—then the ghastly voice went on:

"*You* were thinking of *murder!*" he hissed close to my ear. "It is well! Vengeance is sweet!"

With another low, hissing laugh, the appari-tion vanished; and there, upon my lap, staring the bright sun unwinkingly in the face, lay the emerald scarabaeus. Darkness covered all things —and I knew no more. Afterwards I remember-ed staggering to my feet and reaching home, somehow. I remembered locking the dreadful ring in my jewel-case, and then, bursting forth in wild, delirious ravings, I sank upon my bed.

Weeks after I arose from the terrible brain-fever that followed, weak and frail, but with a deadly purpose implanted like a poisonous weed in my heart, ready to bear its noxious fruit. I returned to my place in society a changed wo-man. My face was a mask of marble, behind which I hid the supreme agony of my life. And so time flew by, and the wedding preparations were begun. I ground my teeth in impotent rage, and clinched my hands together, until the nails left cruel marks upon the unpurpled flesh. Then the terrible, deadly purpose which had sprung into being gradually developed within my heart, and took positive shape and form. I opened my jewel-case and gazed upon the emerald ring which had come to me in so incredible a manner. There it lay—the great, green, glittering insect. My mind was made up.

The wedding-day arrived, and in her tiny boudoir Helen Leigh was being arranged for her bridal. She looked like an angel in her soft, white robes, her golden hair arranged like a halo around her fair, blonde face, the light of a pure happiness shining in her azure eyes. For a moment my heart smote me, then I remembered the man whom I loved, and who would soon be lost to me forever, and I steeled my heart against her. She was alone for a brief space; I seized the propitious moment and entered the room, the great, green scarabaeus glowing and glittering in my hand. She gave a little cry of rapture as her eyes fell upon the magnificent jewel. I smiled, a slow, cold smile.

"Helen," I said calmly, "I have brought my wedding-gift. It is a ring—a rare and wonderful ring. Will you wear it?"

For answer she extended her hand, and I slipped the ring on one white finger. My work was done; I drew a long breath of relief.

Well, the marriage ceremony was performed, and I was a spectator—a cold, marble woman, without a heart in my breast. I knew her hour of triumph would be short, and then my turn would come. It came. A few hours later a shriek resounded through the house—a wild, unearthly shriek. We all hastened to the bride's apart-ments, whence the cry issued, all of the family, guests, servants, all—and gathered, a wild-eyed group, around the prostrate figure of the bride, white and in her death agony. Madame De Vere, bending over her, turned an accusing face upon me as I entered.

"Great Heavens!" she wailed, "it is the emer-ald ring—the scarabaeus—that lay in Paul De Vere's coffin! What does this mean? Eleanor Bentley, do you know?"

And a voice somewhere in the distance, faint and soft, but full of accusing, cried:

"Murderess! murderess!"

I felt the world grow dark around me, strong hands seized my throat. I fell downward, down, down. I opened my eyes. I was lying on the green-sward in front of the De Vere tomb, the noonday sun shining full in my face, and Wayne De Vere bending over me, his arms about me, his lips pressed to mine. I struggled to an upright posi-tion.

"Eleanor," he cried, "tell me why have you been so cold to me for the past few weeks? Tell me, darling, for I love you!"

I caught my breath.

"What do you mean, Wayne De Vere?" I answered bitterly. "Where is Helen Leigh? Is she not your wife?"

He opened his dark eyes in unfeigned astonish-ment.

"You have been dreaming, Eleanor!" he ejacu-lated. "Helen is but a dear friend to me; besides, she is going to marry Keene Percival!"

A terrible weight fell from me, the world seem-ed full of sunshine and the songs of birds and the scent of flowers. Thank God! oh, thank God! it was only a dream.

Hiding my face on Wayne's shoulder, I told him all—from first to last. He smiled, convinced that my strange story had no foundation of reality.

"Open Paul De Vere's coffin and see for your-self," I cried. "If the ring is there, then you must be convinced that my dream was remarka-ble, and blame me not for my credulity!"

The next day, accompanied by Madame De Vere, Wayne and I revisited the old cemetery. The tomb was soon opened, and Paul De Vere's coffin stood revealed among the others. With a slight effort Wayne raised the lid. A low cry burst from his lips; he turned a pallid face upon us. A heap of human bones, and glittering and glowing among them lay the great green scarabaeus—the emerald ring of my dream.

Reverently, Wayne removed it, closed the coffin and resealed the tomb; then, with a strange, un-canny feeling clinging to us, we retraced our steps over the green, velvety grass, flecked with golden sunshine, back to the mansion. That af-ternoon Wayne went to the city, and remained until the following morning. He returned, look-ing flushed and elated, accompanied by a certain long-haired, spectacled professor of chemistry and several of the occult sciences. Madame and myself were bidden to an audience in the library.

"Eureka, little one!" cried Wayne gayly as he led me into the room. "I've found out the secret [illegible] of the emerald ring."

Sure enough. Submitted to rigorous examina-tion and severe tests, the evil demon had been discovered. Under the gleaming emerald scara-baeus lay concealed a minute spring, which cov-ered a tiny receptacle for a deadly poison. Worn by the unsuspecting victim, a slight pressure was sufficient for the spring to penetrate the flesh; only a tiny puncture, but large enough for the subtle poison to enter and pervade the system, which would succumb to inevitable death within a few hours.

The professor held the strange instrument of destruction in his hand for a few moments; then he dexterously removed the poisoned spring, and, taking the scarabaeus from the golden circle, laid it on the table before us.

"The demon is exorcised!" he exclaimed. "De Vere, it strikes me that you must have had an un-pleasant lot of ancestors, if such little toys as this were in common use among them!"

Wayne answered not. He was smiling thought-fully. He put the emerald ring into his pocket and made no remarks.

We had been married two weeks. I was begin-ning to feel quite staid and matronly, when one day Wayne entered the room where I was sitting, and, with a mysterious air, laid a small box in my lap.

"A souvenir," he answered, in reply to my ques-tioning look.

I opened the box quickly, and then a loud cry of delight burst from my lips. Upon a bed of white velvet lay the ill-omened emerald. No longer a ring (which Wayne said was too heavy for a lady's wear), but, instead, set as the central jewel in a magnificent bracelet, the scarabaeus was surrounded by tiny diamonds, which flashed and sparkled like drops of brilliant dew; and Wayne had presented it to me as a mute reminder of my dreadful dream, and a perpetual warning against my besetting sin—jealousy.

P. S. GILMORE.

This celebrated musician, who, with the band bearing his name, is now reaping the fruits of a marked success in Great Britain, first saw the light near the city of Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 25, 1829. His childhood was passed with rel-atives in the little town of Ballygar, County Galway, near the city of Athlone. During that period of time he evinced a love for music, for which in later years he has shown such proficiency. At the age of seven years, in accord-ance with the customs of the country, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Athlone, and during that appren-ticeship he acquired methodical business habits which serv-ed him well in later years. His leisure time was devoted to musical pursuits and attaining musical knowledge. Many of the best bands in the British service were at intervals stationed in Athlone, and opportunity was given him to improve his tastes by enjoying their concerts, and he re-ceived more or less instruction from the respective band-masters. He became a member of a local band in that city; and his employer, noticing that his tastes tended more to music than groceries, employed him as a musical instructor for his children. While so employed he met the celebrated bandmaster and com-poser Keating, who took him under tutelage and taught him the cornet. Seeing his aptitude for readily acquiring musical knowledge, Keating advised him to make music his profession, and urged him to visit the United States. At the age of sixteen he displayed considerable ability as a composer, several of his pieces being successfully performed by the regimental band. When nineteen years old he sailed for America, landing in Boston, Mass., where his proficiency in playing upon various musical instruments secured him a position as a salesman in a music-store. His abilities as a cornet-player becoming known to the mili-tary bands in the vicinity, his services were sought after. He rehearsed with a band in Charlestown several times, but concluded to accept a position as leader of the Suffolk Band of Boston, supplying the place of the late Edward Kendall, the famous bugler, who had gone on a concert tour. The decease of John Bartlett, the distinguished trumpeter and leader of the Brigade Band, opened up a more prominent position for Mr. Gilmore, which he ac-cepted and successfully filled until the death of Je-rome Smith, leader of the Salem Band, caused him to be called to fill the vacancy. He remained with that band for three years, and at that time he was acknowledged to be the best E-flat cornet-player in this country. Under his leadership that band became second to no other in the country. It was during that time that he suggested and successfully carried out the idea of monster Fourth-of-July concerts on the Boston Common, which for many years continued a great feature. He also inaugurated popular promenade concerts in the Music Hall, at which all of the popular Boston bands played alternately. In 1858 he re-turned to Boston, and organized a band bearing his own name, which at the outbreak of the war went into service, being attached to the Twenty-fourth Regiment, which went with Burnside's expedition to North Carolina. After a lapse of one year this band, in common with numerous others, was mustered out of service and returned to Boston, where they commenced another series of concerts. He assisted in organizing some twenty bands, to be attached to brigades under orders from the War Department, and later Gov. Andrew commissioned him as Bandmaster-general and Chief-musician of the State of Massachusetts, with authority to enlist musicians for military service. While so serving he organized a number of bands for the Department of the Gulf, and accompanied them to New Orleans, La., to deliver them to the respective commands for which they had been formed. On arriving there, Major-general Banks made him director of the various musical organizations in the Department, and, he at once organ-ized a series of free concerts for the residents of the Crescent City. When Michael Hahn was elected Gov-ernor of reconstructed Louisiana, Mr. Gilmore con-ceived the idea of celebrating his inauguration by a monster concert, with a chorus of ten thousand voices selected from the public schools, and a com-bination of all the bands and musicians in the depart-ment. On March 4, 1864, this was successfully accomplish-ed, there being, besides the chorus named, five hun-dred musicians, several drum and trumpet corps, and fifty pieces of artillery, which were fired by electricity. A public dinner was subsequently given him, and he was presented with a magnificent goblet filled with gold coins, and appropriately inscribed. He then returned to Bos-ton, where he got up another series of concerts, at which he introduced the most distinguished operatic artists then in this country. In 1868 he went to Chicago, Ill., to manage the ball and a series of concerts which dedicated Crosby's Opera-house. The success of his mon-ster concert in New Orleans prompted the idea of the Na-tional Peace Jubilee, which was successfully carried out in Boston June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 1869. Too much space would be required to enter into a full account of this event in detail. At its close he was presented by the members of the orchestra with a magnificent gold watch, appropriately inscribed, and many other valuable souvenirs and letters of con-gratulation came to him from all parts of the country. Some days afterwards he had a complimentary benefit in the Coliseum, which had been built expressly for the jubi-lee, and by it he realized over $40,000. The success of this undertaking led to the World's Peace Jubilee and In-ternational Festival, which took place under his direction in Boston, opening June 17, 1872, and closing July 4, Mr. Gilmore having previously left New York to commence ar-rangements for the same. The following year he re-moved to New York, and became the bandmaster of the Twenty-second Regiment, and formed the band of sixty-five musicians which is now in Europe. After making their debut in the Academy of Music, in this city, they made a tour of the country, which was repeated in 1874. In 1875 they appeared in Gilmore's Concert Garden, in this city, which had been altered from Barnum's Hippodrome. In the Winter of that year they made another tour, and in the Spring of 1876 went to San Francisco, Cal., and on their return they gave a series of concerts at the Centennial Ex-hibition, Philadelphia; and later played in Gilmore's Gar-den, here, where they continued each succeeding Summer until May 4, 1878, when they sailed for England.

M. ARBUCKLE.

This talented artist was for some years an attractive card in Boston, Mass., being a member there of Gilmore's Band, and otherwise prominently identified with Mr. Gilmore's musical undertakings. He performed with Mr. Levy in Gilmore's Concert Garden, in this city, and, after the latter seceded from the band, he supplied his place as the princi-pal cornet performer, and continued a member of the band up to the time of their sailing for Europe. He is engaged to play at Coney Island during the Summer.

J. LEVY.

This cornet virtuoso first appeared in America with the Parepa-Rosa Concert Troupe, with whom he made a tour of the country. When the Sunday-night concerts were first given in the Grand Opera-house, in this city, Mr. Levy performed there. About that time he became a member of Downing's Ninth Regiment Band, and during the parades of the late Col. J. Fisk Jr.'s regiment, to which it was attached, he attracted much attention. On the occasion of the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis in this city, this band serenaded him, and Mr. Levy's cor-net-solos were a prominent feature in the programme. He subsequently made a tour of the country with va-rious concert companies, some of which were under his own management. Later he was attached to Gilmore's Band, and during their seasons in the Summer in Gilmore's Concert Garden he was one of the chief attractions. After a visit to England and the Continent of Europe, he re-turned here and was received with much favor. He mar-ried Miss Minnie Conway, a charming actress, and then started on a concert tour, extending his trip to Australia, where he performed for several months. A short time ago he returned to this city, and has since performed at the Sunday-night concerts in the Grand Opera-house, and is engaged to play at Rockaway Beach this Summer.

BENJAMIN C. BENT

was born in the city of Barnesley, Yorkshire, Eng., Aug. 19, 1856. He received his first instructions in cornet-play-ing from his father, who as a performer upon that instru-ment was celebrated in that section of the country. At ten years of age the subject of our sketch ran away from home and joined a circus company, the manager putting him before the public as a phenomenal performer on the cornet. When twenty-one years of age he was engaged as a solo performer upon that instrument with the Royal Artillery Band, stationed at Woolwich. In 1871 Mr. Bent accepted an engagement offered him by Mr. Howes, the well-known circus manager, to come to America with the Great London Circus as solo cornetist. After remaining with that company one season he became a member of Dodworth's Band, and later of Downing's Ninth Regiment Band. When P. S. Gilmore came to New York he engaged Mr. Bent to support Mr. Arbuckle, and since that time he has been a member of Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment Band. When Mr. Arbuckle withdrew from the band Mr. Bent succeeded him as first cornet-player, which position he continued to fill until the band sailed for Europe, May 4, 1878. He is now composer of Fenderson & Bent's Cornet Company.

THE SPARROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In suits of English brown,
The sparrows of the town
Accept their daily bills of fare with well-contented faces;
Blest dwellers in the city,
They chirp a sigh of pity
For luckless birds whose lots are cast in lonesome country places.

Bohemians are they,
Who, happy for the day,
Have never learned to vex themselves by th

SHORT STOPS.

On May 31 the Nationals of Washington beat the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Va., at the latter place, 29 to 0, and on the following day the visitors whipped the Richmonds almost as badly, the score being 24 to 1. ..... On the 23d the Live Oak Base Ball Club, played there, the latter defeating the home club by 24 runs to 1. ..... On the 23d the Mutual and Olives, local clubs, played there, the latter defeating the former by 24 runs to 1. ..... On the 23d the Mutuals

THEY SAID MY SHIP WAS COMING IN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One Autumn day they told me that my ship—
The ship I sent to sea so long ago—
Was coming in. I hurried to the pier
With wildly-beating heart and cheeks aglow.

My ship—that I had proudly sent to sea,
Freighted with Love and Innocence and Truth;
That I had watched for many a night and day
All through the long years of a trusting youth—

They said was coming in. I bade my friends
Prepare to share with me a royal feast;
They should, I said, be decked in jewels rare,
And silks and cashmeres from the fervid East.

Far in the dim horizon I saw sails;
Like a proud bird she skimmed the waters blue;
Nearer and nearer still she came, and then
Her anchor cast, and then she rounded to.

With trembling voice I shouted—and then paused—
"What ship is that?" I thought I would have sunk
When came the answer, prompt and loud:
"The Betsy Jane, with 'taters, from Podunk!"

J. H. B.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL" ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—CLOSING ROUND.

As one condemned to leap a precipice,
Who sees before her eyes the depth below,
Stops short and looks about for some kind shrub
To break her dreadful fall.—DRYDEN.

Two days passed. Herbert Dorset had called at the hotel, and left his card, but Miss Travers and Loo were out at the time, while, by what seemed a rare piece of good fortune, he and they never met casually in the streets or at any public entertainment. On the third day Colonel Talboys remarked to his son:

"I met an Indian acquaintance yesterday, Jack, and asked him to dine with us to-day, table d'hote as usual; mind you are back in good time. I heard you talking of riding with the ladies to the Cascade de Coo this morning, and, as I'm not going with you, I hope you'll remember."

"Oh, yes, we shall be back in good time," was the careless reply. "What is he, civil or military?"

"A competition waller," with disdain, "but not a bad sort of fellow. They get the best of it out there in that hole of a place; the army won India, and kept it, and these prigs of civilians get the spoil. The army is going to the dogs, Jack, and you may be thankful you never entered it."

"I don't think it can be worse than the Bar," grumbled his son. "When you've eaten your terms and been called, what are you?—a briefless barrister. You can't ask for a brief, and solicitors, unless they have some interest in you, won't send one. I'm not sure that I shan't throw it up and go in for the Indian Civil. I'm only twenty, so I have a good year before me. If a man has a fortune, the Bar is all very well; but if he hasn't, and wishes to marry, he'd better go in for something else while there is time, particularly if he wishes to marry."

"Wishes to marry!" repeated his father. "What, you don't mean that you have got any ridiculous notion of that kind in your head?"

"Well, I suppose a man may think of marrying at some period of his life," replied his son in a half-defiant tone; "at any rate, father, you did."

"Yes, yes, of course—one of the things one has to go through before he dies; but I don't see that one need go out to be roasted in India in anticipation of such an event."

"That may be, father; but I want to have a career, not play at having one; however, we can talk about this at another time. You are not coming with us?"

"No, I've seen waterfalls enough in my life. Mind you are home in good time for dinner. Is your mother going with you?"

"Yes, I think so, unless she hesitates at leaving you alone."

"Oh, I'm all right; a man doesn't want women always about the place. They manage those things better in the East; there they lock them up when they're not wanted, not that I think they are much better for it."

"I don't think it will be prudent to talk of your preference for Eastern to European customs in that respect before the ladies, particularly as they don't apply to Englishwomen, do you, father?" remarked the young man with a laugh.

At which the elder one shook his head with a knowing smile as he replied:

"Ah, yes; as well let them think themselves perfect, poor things!"

An observation which it was perhaps quite as well Mrs. Talboys did not hear, since even her husband himself admitted that he was often slightly henpecked.

The pleasant party of four which started in the [illegible] morning, Mrs. Talboys and Miss Travers in the seats of honor, while Loo and Jack, with their backs to the horses, laughed and talked, keeping their companions amused and as lighthearted as though no shadow of grief could come over them. The Cascade de Coo is nine miles from Spa, and the varied scenery as they rode along excited the admiration of our travelers, particularly of Loo, who felt so lighthearted and in such exuberant spirits that she looked half-laughingly at a solitary horseman descending one of the paths which wound up round a hill to their right. There was something so comic in his appearance, for his pony was small, he himself was big, and riding down a steep hill is never a graceful attitude at any time. Just as he reached the road in which they were riding along, however, she recognized the man, and her face became white to her very lips, while her tongue for the moment refused to utter a sound. The horseman stared at her, but, though he admired her lovely face, there was nothing familiar in it, unless it were a far-off memory, too distant and indistinct to be relied upon; and Miss Travers' face was hidden from his momentary glance by her sunshade, and he passed on, wondering at the look of terror that had greeted his approach. So strange was it that the memory of it haunted him all day long, and he had not forgotten it when he went to dine, according to invitation, with his old Indian acquaintance, Colonel Talboys. Here, if she were still in Spa, the young man expected to meet Mabel Travers, since most of the inmates of the hotel would naturally dine at the table d'hote, and, to be frank, this was the one thing that made him hesitate about accepting the invitation. For Mabel Travers had, the young man felt, snubbed and slighted him, since he had called upon her at the hotel, left his own card and his sister's, with the address also at which they were staying, but no notice had been taken of his visit, no return call made, and Constance had told him that not only was she averse to remembering the acquaintance of their stepmother's sister, but she had no doubt the dislike was reciprocated. Nor, when he came to think of it, and remembered their last interview in England some ten years ago, did he think his sister's view of the case improbable; and though he would have liked to have seen Loo, or heard something about her, that boyish infatuation, which had shown itself in such a very disagreeable manner, had, if not utterly died out, been so buried under the dust of time and more mature love-passages that the chances were, if not revived, it would stand a good chance of dying out altogether.

"Let me see; she will be about the awkward age now," he mused as he walked towards the hotel. "Ten years ago; she will be sixteen or seventeen now, with elbows and shoulders sticking out at right angles, and all her prettiness very probably gone away with her childhood. Ah, there is the girl who turned so pale at meeting me this morning, and with old Talboys, too. I wonder who she can be; scarcely his daughter."

The question was soon answered, however. While dreaming who the colonel's guest was, [illegible] according to the great dining-room, [illegible] and on the stairs they met the man [illegible] when on invited to join them.

"Ah, Dorset, only just in time. Let me introduce you to the ladies and my son. Ah, you know Miss Travers and Miss Loo Travers! Who would have thought it? Will you give Mrs. Talboys your arm? Come, Jack, with Miss Loo, or the soup will be cold."

And thus they went on, Loo clutching nervously at her companion's arm. She had been hungry enough before Herbert came, now her appetite had quite deserted her.

There was no escaping from the party, however. Miss Travers gave Loo a smile of encouragement, and, secure in the company of her friend, the girl made a successful effort to overcome her terror. Besides, when she came to look at him again from the safe shelter of Miss Travers on one side, Jack Talboys on the other, with the colonel, his wife and guests facing them, he did not look so very formidable, and was decidedly a great improvement upon the Herbert Dorset she had once known. He was a tall, some people would have called him a fine man, looking fully thirty, though he was some three or four years younger, his face bronzed with the sun, his dark hair closely cropped, but with a tendency to curl, while the coarse and cruel expression of his mouth and the lower part of his face were hidden by the moustache, beard and whiskers, which so abundantly covered it.

"You didn't recognize me, I suppose, this morning?" he observed to Loo across the table.

"Yes, I did," she replied, not deigning to tell a falsehood, though perhaps slightly tempted to do so.

"Then you had the advantage of me," he went on, "for I never thought for a moment that it could be you."

"No, perhaps I have changed the most; but then you were older than I before you went away, and, besides that, you are so much like Constance that anyone might recognize you as belonging to each other."

A half frown came over the young man's face; though he had heard nothing about the confession of her guilt that his sister had made, and he himself had no certainty about it, there was something so strange and erratic about Constance, one might almost say at times so mad, that, whereas he might once have felt flattered to be compared to her, he now took it as anything but a compliment. Finding so little was to be got from Loo, he next addressed himself to Miss Travers, with inquiries as to the probable date of her return to England, whether she was going to reside in her old home at Notting Hill, and how and where Lady Travers was.

"Oh, my aunt is quite well," said Mabel, replying to the last question; "her home is in London; she is quite independent of me now; her brother, who was offended with her for marrying as she did, and had not spoken to her for many years, died about six months ago, leaving her a handsome income; it is to be hoped she will live long to enjoy it. Her last letter was rather amusing."

"I can well imagine that. I should have called upon her when I was in England if I had thought about it; however, I return again soon. You know that the baby, as they call her, is now a big girl, and that Miss Finch is married."

"No, I did not know the latter piece of news; who has she married?"

"A cousin of my father's named Letwell; he isn't a young man, neither is she a young woman as far as that goes."

Then he caught his breath, remembering that Mabel Travers had by this time reached, if not passed, her seventh lustre.

"Miss Finch is not so very old; she and I are about the same age," returned Mabel with a smile. "But about Constance—what makes her live abroad, and who is she staying with now? It is almost a pity she did not follow you out to India; she might have got married there."

"She talked of coming out with me, but, as she says she shall never marry, I don't see the use."

"She might keep house for you," suggested Loo, who thought it would be a capital thing for both brother and sister to be at such a distance from herself.

"I might prefer a wife to manage my house," replied Herbert, with a glance that made Jack Talboys' face flush, and Loo look quickly in another direction, so that she might not notice it; "and," Herbert went on, "if I were to marry, Constance would not be a desirable resident in the house."

"No, I should think not," assented Mabel emphatically; while Mrs. Talboys began to inquire about Miss Dorset. How old was she? Was she good-looking? She must call upon her. And a long fire of small talk followed, the Talboys being all this time blissfully unconscious that the Dorsets they were speaking to and of, and those whose name had been so notorious some ten years before in connection with the Grove House murder, were the same. For Herbert had carefully concealed the fact while in India, never speaking of his family if he could avoid it, and, when he did write to his father, always sending to his business address, until the whisper had gone abroad in that land where the residents are so given to scandal that his father was a butterman or a butcher. When the story came to Herbert's ears he laughed loudly and somewhat bitterly, but never contradicted it; the truth, he felt, would be far worse than this absurd fiction, and he had a morbid horror of being pointed out as one of a family in which such a terrible, and to the world at large as well as to himself such a mysterious tragedy had occurred. By tacit consent poor little Freddy's death had never been mentioned between himself and any of the family since he first left England, and he was in momentary dread now lest Mabel or Loo should in any possible way allude to it. But the dinner passed off far better than might have been expected, save that Count Laidislas Schobeloff, having seats for himself and friend next to our party, would persist in joining in the conversation, and excited the ire of both of the young men by asking and obtaining permission from Mrs. Talboys to present a bouquet to the young lady.

"It's only a polite acknowldgement for the money I won for him at the gaming-table the other morning," said the colonel's wife, when, an hour after, as the party of six were seated in their private sitting-room, a waiter brought up a bunch of flowers certainly equal in size to a large Cheshire cheese, with the Count's card and compliments, by permission of Mrs. Talboys, to Miss Lucile Travers.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, while her face flushed brightly. "I am so fond of flowers. Really, the Count does improve on acquaintance; doesn't he?"

At which Mabel smiled, the young men frowned, and Mrs. Talboys commenced a panegyric on the Count, which her husband interrupted by suggesting a game of cards.

"I don't care about playing," said Jack.

"Neither do I," said Loo.

"Then we will play whist," said the colonel.

While, to Herbert's disgust, Loo and Jack at the far end of the room talked and laughed merrily; thus paying attention to them, he [illegible] his partner's tricks and blundered as though he had never held a card in his life before.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A RETURN OF AN OLD INFATUATION.

"O, love! what is there in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"—BYRON.

"Really, Mr. Dorset, this is the third time you have aced my king or [illegible] returned my lead!" exclaimed Mrs. Talboys with [illegible] irritation. "We lost the game not for want of good cards, but because you have played them so badly."

And though usually very sweet and amiable, the lady was now very reasonably annoyed.

"I beg your pardon, I am dreadfully stupid to-day," he blundered, "and I so rarely play at cards. Give me one more chance, and I will try to do better."

"Pray do," returned his hostess, "and, my dear Loo, will you play us something? I am afraid your laughing and talking helps to distract our attention. Jack will turn over the leaves for you."

"Yes, with pleasure," was the unhesitating reply.

And then the two betook themselves to the piano, and while Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" were sounding in his ears Herbert Dorset felt he must pull himself together and pay some attention to the ordinary rules of whist, if he would retain his reputation for sanity at all. Fortune favored him with, if not a good hand, at least a cross one that played well with his partner's, so that they at once scored four by tricks and two by honors, and Mrs. Talboys' spirits and temper improved accordingly. For full an hour this went on; then Mabel Travers declared she was tired, and suggested that Jack Talboys should take her hand. Someone proposed that Loo should do so; but she declined, saying:

"She didn't like cards, and didn't think she could play."

After which the card-party seemed to languish, Loo and Miss Travers having gone off, but without saying good-night, to their own room.

"They will come back again," Mrs. Talboys said, with a significant smile at her son, whose eyes were lingering upon the door.

This remark made Herbert Dorset's blood boil, for this night, with ten times its old intensity, his boyish passion for the child who had so plaintively called herself "Poor Loo" had come back for the beautiful woman she had grown into, to form the ruling influence and power for good or evil of his manhood.

"I can't help it, auntie. I am as much afraid of him as I ever was."

The speaker was Loo, and she sat with Miss Travers in the double-bedded room which they jointly occupied.

"I am sorry for it, my dear," replied the elder lady gravely; "he seems greatly improved. Indeed, I should scarcely recognize him, and he seems to desire to be friendly. Don't you think, if you were to try, my dear, you could overcome your prejudice?"

"It isn't prejudice, aunt; it is unreasoning, absolute terror. If ever I have a horrible nightmare, or dream of the worst thing that me, is going, it is that Herbert has hold of jump with me into the sea, or [illegible] me under a railway-train, or that he holds me in his arms and I can't get away, and that death would be preferable to his embrace. Over and over again have I dreamed it, until I always know I am not quite well, or have eaten something to disagree with me, or something unpleasant is going to happen; and it is just the reverse when I dream of the beautiful lady of whom I have so often told you; she brings me pleasure and happiness, and all that is bright and good, while to dream of Herbert is always accompanied with pain and misery."

"Do you know that I think you are very fanciful, my dear?" replied her companion, noticing also how the girl trembled and shivered as she was talking. "It is all very well for a child to talk as you do—indeed, it is rather amusing; but you are almost a woman now, and you must really brace up your nerves to act and think as women do, to repress your fancies, hide your feelings, and practice self-command, so that whether you are frightened or daring, happy or miserable, the first passer-by cannot read you like a book."

"O auntie! I shall never be able to do that."

"But, my dear, you must. Suppose anything were to happen to me—that I were to die, or we were separated, and your relations were to find and claim you—what would you do then, my dear? If you were my own child I could not love you more, but I fear I have spoilt you. If you had lived a harder life and had stearner teachers, you would have learned to meet difficulty and even danger bravely, instead of shrinking like a frightened bird, or running away from it."

"O auntie! I think I should have died," replied the girl pitifully, "if I had had harsh or stern people to live with, instead of meeting with only love and kindness, as I have from you. But, indeed, I am no coward; and if it did not seem so wildly improbable, considering where and how dear Mr. Marker found me, and how you took me from the hospital to your own home, and no one [illegible] that day to this has ever sought to claim me, I should think I came of a race that knew not the meaning of fear, of men and women who have led and ruled rather than followed and submitted in the history of the world. But all these are dreams, auntie. I am afraid I am a dreamer."

"I don't know, dear Loo. Dreams such as these should be an inspiration, a source of courage and emulation, not of weakness and fear. To me such thoughts would make me count Herbert Dorset as nothing, and instead of being frightened by a man who seems very harmless, and who at the worst was only a mischievous, headstrong boy, I would have my right hand cut off before I would shrink from him."

Loo was silent for a moment, buried in thought; then she said slowly:

"Yes, I suppose so; I never thought of that. It does seem cowardly, and yet it is just the same feeling that I should have if unawares I put my hand on a black beetle or a snake, or felt them crawling over me. It is repulsion rather than fear, and is a horrible sensation, till without thought one rushes away from the cause of it. But people have got over this feeling, and have learnt to handle snakes and beetles, and to take an interest in them. Yes, I suppose I can meet Herbert and appear to be friendly with him if I try. Yes, I will."

"Well, dear, you will have to decide between one of two courses," said Mabel gravely, yet kindly. "Either we must leave our pleasant friends the Talboys, and return to England tomorrow, or we must meet Herbert and Constance Dorset on friendly terms."

At the mention of the name of Constance another involuntary shiver passed over Loo's frame, but she made no comment.

"You see," Mabel went on, "it is not as though they were known only to us, then we might avoid them to a certain extent—but it seems that Colonel Talboys met Herbert in India. You heard Mrs. Talboys say she should call on Constance; there will be invitations and entertainments on both sides, and we must join in it or go away. Under the circumstances there is no medium course. Which it must be you must decide, for your comfort and happiness is dearer to me than my own."

"That is just like you, auntie; you would give up everything in the world for me; but even if I were so selfish as to take advantage of your kindness we might gain nothing. Herbert would perhaps follow us, or we should meet him again. No, I must get over my terror—it can scarcely be called natural fear—and the sooner the better. Don't think of me any more in the matter, auntie, but act towards Herbert or Constance as though I neither liked nor disliked them."

"And I dare say you will come to that state of indifference soon?" smiled Mabel, as the two kissed each other, then rose to join the party, whom they had both left.

"I was afraid you had gone to bed," said Jack Talboys, with a smile of relief and pleasure on his face as the two ladies re-entered the room.

"Oh, no! We thought you were so much engaged with your cards that you could dispense with our [illegible] society," laughed Loo. "How are you getting on?" she added, walking behind his chair and looking over his hand.

"Not very brilliantly; suppose you help me. See, hearts are trumps."

And he showed her his cards, and seemed as though he would be quite contented to talk to her without playing them, till his father sharply called his attention to the game, and his mother's impatience and Herbert Dorset's scowls recalled him to the fact that whist is a serious occupation, and must not be treated lightly or slighted in any degree. Loo stayed by Jack's side for a few minutes, when, recollecting her conversation with Miss Travers, and the determination she had made, she walked on a step or two, and with a shrinking of the heart, it is true, paused behind Herbert Dorset's chair. He half turned and looked up at her face, his own handsome in its way, as it naturally was, transformed in an instant with the smile of gratified pleasure that came over it, while Loo, half surprised, half pleased, and a good deal frightened, said:

"Don't let me disturb you, Herbert. I was only looking at your cards."

Her involuntarily calling him by his Christian name, though natural enough, quite from want of thought in her agitation, trivial as it was, made the young man's heart beat faster and his cheek flush, while Jack Talboys at once lost heart or interest in the game. She always called him Mr. John or Mr. Jack, and he had never yet presumed, except in his own mind, to address her simply as "Loo."

"Suppose, mother, we have tea when this game is over?" he suggested, "and let us have some music or chat. Whist is dreadfully unsocial, particularly for those who are not playing. What do you say, Mr. Dorset?"

"Yes, I think it would be a pleasant change," assented the guest.

After this Miss Travers played and Loo sang, Mrs. Talboys talked, and the colonel went to sleep.

"Do you never go to the soiree dansante at the Redoute?" asked Herbert, when the music ceased.

"Oh, yes, we have been once or twice," replied Mabel; "but we go about so much during the day that we are generally tired in the evening. Loo and I have been leading such a quiet life. We are not used to anything like dissipation."

"Yes; I have heard from home about you occasionally," replied Herbert; "but the information was always very meagre. Whatever made you live abroad so many years?"

"Partly because I preferred it, partly for the sake of Loo's education; she has won high honors for her age, both in painting and music, while more useful subjects have not been forgotten. Indeed, we have been to school together, and I have taken my education over again."

"Only that auntie always got ahead of me," smiled the girl.

"That was to be expected, being the second effort on her part," joined in young Talboys.

"You might call and see Constance, aunt," said Herbert Dorset, with some hesitation. "I know she is no favorite of yours," he added hastily, "and I don't wonder at it. But she is greatly changed since you last saw her—more gentle, less willful and imperious, and her temper years ago severed her from home; so she is very lonely. Perhaps you might do her good. I wish you would try. We are singularly alone in the world."

"I will call and see her," said Mabel, her womanly heart touched as she thought of the willful, imperious Constance isolated from home and friends, living in a foreign land, loving and loved by no one but the brother, to indulge whose whims and pamper whose fancies had once been the object of her life.

"And will you come also, Loo?" asked the young man, more timidly, turning to the girl. "Constance must have been fond of you. I know I used to be, though I teased and frightened you terribly."

"Yes, I will go with aunt if she will take me," replied the girl slowly, "though," she added, as if it were a piece of information not to be suppressed, "I don't think Constance ever did like me."

"Give her a chance of doing so now, then," pleaded her brother. "You were only a child then."

"Yes, I will go with auntie," assented the girl.

"And I hope to have the pleasure of calling upon Miss Dorset to-morrow," said Mrs. Talboys. "As we are like one family, we may as well all come together."

"Pray do," said Herbert eagerly, his fear [illegible] to his sister's reception of the visitors [illegible]

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"How are you getting on?" asked Loo, walking behind Jack Talboy's chair and looking over his hand. "Not very brilliantly," he replied; "suppose you help me. See, hearts are trumps."

"THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN" In London, Eng.

In the Haymarket Theatre, May 11, Mr. Sothern made his reappearance as De Lacy Fitzaltamont in "The Crushed Tragedian," which, notwithstanding its success in this country, appears to have made a comparative failure there. From the reviews of the performances in various journals we excerpt the following. *The Sunday Times* says:

That his selection of a piece had been unwise may be inferred from the fact that the enthusiasm which burned so bright at the commencement of the entertainment languished towards the close. There were, indeed, at the fall of the curtain, some signs—not numerous, but distinct—of disapproval, an experience Mr. Sothern must have found as novel as disquieting. * * * The character of the crushed tragedian is inimitably droll. It is not a mere clever and off-hand sketch. It is a picture long and carefully thought out and elaborated. The quaint gravity, the [illegible] wonderful the mannerisms which [illegible] and rolls is marvelous, and the voice, broken and [illegible] with ranting, is sustained in a manner [illegible] the most. Through a couple of acts, or even three, the [illegible] of drollery survives. It will not, however, last over [illegible] acts, and in the end the performance grows monotonous. It is possible that a strengthening of the main interest might remove this feeling. In justice to Mr. Sothern it must, however, be owned the stage has little to do, the play reaches its most depressing point. This, however, is partly attributable to others. On the first night, as we have said, George Holland as Captain Rackett of the Rhinoceros Irregulars, a comic Indian officer, wearied out the patience of the audience and received an amount of rebuke altogether exceptional on our stage. He did this, however, it seems to us, by the plan of following his leader. The performance is really comic, and proves him an actor of [illegible] humor; and if it was his own fault or that of the author, however, he gave the public too much of himself, and so incurred a fate we mention with regret. If he no doubt felt a foolish contempt, and be content to do less, he will easily earn a favorable recognition. Turning once more to the central character, then, we repeat that, comic as it is, it is not strong enough to sustain the weight thrust upon it. If the play is to succeed, in the sense in which the term can be used in connection with plays in which Mr. Sothern appears, it should be, so to speak, reset. At present it is like a watch off the balance, and will not go. We will reserve our opinion on Miss Mortimer, who was Miss Mountcashel, till we see her in a more sympathetic part. Mr. G. F. De Vere was unnecessarily stiff as Sir Michael Glendenning, a part to which a certain measure of stiffness is indispensable.

The London Figaro says:

The scanty favor which Mr. Sothern's last impersonation has obtained at the hands of the majority of the critics in London may be easily explained. They have nearly all regarded the performance from a wrong point of view, while their error has been aided by the original mistake of Mr. Sothern himself in retaining such an elaborate study of the art of grim caricature in a frame totally unfitted for it. Had he taken his Fitzaltamont out of "The Private Box," and placed him amidst more commendious and suitable surroundings, he would have achieved, I believe, an unqualified success.

The critic then compares in detail Mr. Sothern's performance of the chief character with that given by H. J. Byron, continuing:

From these observations it will be seen that I do not condemn Mr. Sothern's Fitzaltamont *per se*. In common with many others who witnessed the performance of last Saturday, I think it a wonderful, grotesque conception, placed in an uncongenial milieu, and expanded to a length which only serves to render more strikingly manifest its want of assimilation to its surroundings. The same may be remarked of the Captain Rackett of Mr. George Holland, an actor who evidently possesses the vis comica in a high degree, but who had elaborated a mere sketch of eccentric character to a limit beyond the endurance of a London audience however patrable it might be to the American playgoing public, accustomed to wild exaggerations which we refuse to tolerate. Mr. Holland was not fairly responsible for some features of his role which elicited strong expressions of disapprobation from a portion of the first night's audience, and have since, I am told, been reformed altogether. As a mere matter of courtesy, I was sorry to see a stranger to our stage treated somewhat unkindly, though it is only [illegible] to add that a majority of the fair-playloving public came instantly to the actor's rescue at a critical moment with a good-humored burst of applause which drowned all the efforts of the *hissers*, and gave Mr. Holland to understand that he should not be condemned for the mistakes of a first appearance. * * * * As some sneers have been uttered concerning the artists brought over by Mr. Sothern from America, it is as well to inform the public that they are English, with the exception of Mr. George Holland, himself the son of a popular English actor long resident in the United States. * * * It is a serious question whether, despite the ability Mr. Sothern shows in it, a London audience particularly cares about a parody of the late Miss Avonia Jones' father. In America the eccentricities of the Count Joannes are known, and the skit is recognizable. Here it is not.

The Era commends Mr. Sothern's performance, and says:

A very clever character sketch was given by George Holland—who comes with Mr. Sothern from New York—of Captain Rackett, an old brick, who is half deaf and half blind, and who is afraid of a good story as of good liquor. The blunders in conversation fixed upon the deaf Captain introduced an old method of merriment, and opinion appeared to be divided among the audience as to its acceptability. There is no denying, however, that Mr. Holland made the most of the materials at his command, and that he is an actor of [illegible] than ordinary ability. * * * Mr. G. F. De Vere made a first appearance here as Sir Michael Glendenning and was most noticeable for a particularly excellent "get-up" in the part. * * * Miss Nellie Mortimer made a first appearance here as Miss Mountcashel.

DEATH OF A WIDELY-KNOWN SPORTING-MAN.

RICHMOND, VA., May 28, 1878.

The lovely Hollywood Cemetery, near Richmond, took unto her bosom yesterday the remains of one who was better known among sporting-men throughout this broad Union than any other man save Mortimer, and as a sporting-man was better known among theatrical people than any other, because he was the friend and patron of all theatrical folks who visited Richmond in his time. Fifty-seven years ago John Archer Worsham first saw the light of day in Nottoway County, Virginia, where his father was a stage-owner and mail-carrier. John, the eldest of three sons, commenced the fight with the world at an early age in the humble position of stage-driver, but on the death of his father he in 1852 came to Richmond and opened a club-house that soon became known from York to Orleans on account of its grandeur and the liberality of its proprietor. Remaining here until 1858, he made his first trip to New York in a business capacity, following the fortunes of the "Virginia stable" when Planet was to meet Congaree and Daniel Boone, on the old Fashion Track, to contend for the supremacy of America at four-mile heats. In the following year he again visited Gotham, and then he returned home and remained here until the close of our late "brotherly strife," when he again started for York, where in 1865 he was located at Prince street and Broadway. Two years later, his club was at 732 Broadway and 139 Fulton street, and after that year he retired from New York, in a business way, forever; but he visited it again in 1874 for pleasure, and to relieve the necessities of two actors. The Worshams were noted for their daring and courage. The youngest, Elisha, was killed by a fall from a horse; the middle one, Washington, was killed in a duel he fought with McCullogh of New Orleans on the Broad Rock race-track, during the Civil War; and in 1858 the subject of this obituary was challenged to mortal combat by Tom Eanes of Tennessee. John Worsham accepted, and chose [illegible] and also the place—Vauxhall Island, in [illegible] the James River. Well do I remember the morning that was to be the scene of a bloody strife, for both principals were dead shots; and, as the sporting fraternity of Richmond were divided up equally, the chances were that the sight of blood would cause more fighting. The police, however, got wind of it; and as each party, with their followers, reached the northern end of Mayo's Bridge they were ordered under arrest and bound over to keep the peace, thus stopping what might have ended in a general and bloody fracas. As the other two brothers died unnatural deaths, it was left for John A. Worsham to die from using hair-dye, which eventually brought on paralysis of the brain and ended his troubles on Sunday, May 25. From my early manhood I have known John A. Worsham, and unhesitatingly say that he was one of the kindest, most liberal and best of friends. But let others speak—the widows and orphans, his old servants, and the stern-hearted and bronze-faced sporting-men who went through the sectional war without once quivering, but who yesterday, at the grave of their deceased friend, gave vent to their feelings in tears. At 5 P. M. the funeral procession, composed not alone of sporting-men or the family of the departed, but also of some of the most wealthy residents of this city—men of business, who believed that John A. Worsham's word was his bond—filed past in carriages and on foot. And at the foot of a wide-spreading magnolia-tree they all assembled around the grave to listen to the Doctor Houghton of Richmond—Doctor Curry (and may his little church never be empty!)—who, in an impressive manner, which told on his hearers, said: "Let the faults of the man be buried with him, and allow me to remind you that what I am going to say did not come from the lips of his immediate friends, but from some of the widows and orphans of our late unhappy strife. I never knew the man personally, but I am here to pay him tribute; for those who told me of his modest goodness and charity, not wishing his right hand to know how much his left hand gave, are members of my church, and as such I believe their voluntary testimony. And may God help them now, as their earthly friend has left forever." After the services were over, the red clay of old Virginia fell on the coffin with a thud, as the spades were handled by his friends.

Knowing well that there are many friends of the late John A. Worsham in the North, West and extreme South (all readers of THE CLIPPER), and alike on the race-track and in the club-room, through THE CLIPPER it is my painful duty to acquaint them of his death; and thus I pay my last just tribute to the memory of my early friend. May the grass be green above him. SPERRY.

DER SCHWARTZ
EGSBERIENCE MIT A BOGSING LESSON.

I hear sho much dalk yoost now goncerning der noble art of self-devence, dot I dinks mit meinself it vos goot for me to know how to use mein vishtiguffs von der little boys in der shtreet jaff me und gall me Yakey Yarman sausage!" Und I gonsiders dot I vould go for der man vot deach me der bogsing vight; und I dells mein frau, frau, to get my sein nein.

"Hans," she say to me, "I don't dink it vos der jeese for a married man to know how he might begause ven he make a row his vife get der verst of it."

"Vell, dot is a fagt," vos my [illegible] reply; "but I don't dink dot vould do her any harm a few dimes for de goot of her health. Anyvay, old fooman, I go und have some egsberiensh."

I get meinshelf diregted to der adletic hall and shbarring agademy by a mans, und I go in. I shee a man dere mit his doo hands shtug indo doo round blum-buddings mit der buddingcloths, und dancing round der room as mad as a lunatigal Mardian hare, und der vos a big bag like a monshter ham hung up to dry in de room, und dish lunatig vas hitting der bag mit der right-hand blum-budding, und den mit der levt-hand blum-budding, und blowing mit his breath ash vell; und every dime he shmite der bag hard he say:

"Dot's on to yer! Dere's vun in der dader-trap! Dot knogs out your ivories! I'll pood your beebers in mourning for you! Into your breadbasged! On der gonk—hooray!"

Ven he bersheeves me he dance around me, und he loogs ash if he vould dransfer his addentions from der bag to meinshelf, for he flash der blumbuddings before mein eyes, und he say:

"Now, den, Bologna, pood up your forgs—pood 'em up! Vere vill you have it, schneider, say? Shall I land you ein on der kisser? Vere *will* you have it?"

I say I don't vant to be had mid it; dot I brefers it mit der jill off; und den I asg him if he vos der bugilistig Brovessor of der noble ard of shelf-devence; und he pood his right-hand blumbudding over his levt-hand breasht, und he bow und shay he vos dot honor to be him.

Vell, I shay to him: I vont to get some bogsing lessons to vight mit. Vot vos der brice?"

"Der gustomary jarge," he shay, "is ten tollars for sigs lessons; bud ash you are a shranger in dese parts, I gives you halve-a-dozen for five tollars, bayable in advance."

I shay very goot, und dot I vifl gommence at once, und I bay him over der gash. Den he asg me to veel his byzebs, und I look all round der room, und I dell him I don't shee no byzeps knogging round to veel mit.

"No?" he shay. "Veel it here." Und he bend mit his elbow, und I veel his arm und I vind dot der byzebs vos like a ghast-iron Yarman sausage vot vos growing too big for its shkin. "I give you a byzebs like dot avter you have der sigs lesson," he say; und I shay yah, und danks, dot I like dot.

I dakes off mein goat und my vest-goad und I pood mein fishts into doo new blum-buddings like der bugilishtig Brovessor ov der noble ard, und I shtand oop und shabe ad him like shabe ad me.

"Goom on!" I shay.

"Loog oud, den," egshgiaims der Brovessor, "und regollegt dot dere are dree grand leading brincibles in vighting—hit oud shtraight, hit out qvig, und hit oud hard. Now, dry dot on my nose, and mind youself!"

I hit oud shtraight und qvig und hard mit mein fisht to *his nose*, und I hit him shtraight und qvig und dam hard mit *mein mout* on *his* fisht. I veel a big byzebs goorming already on to mein ubber lib, und I shpid out soom blood.

"Loog here, Brovessor," I shay, "does der fite tollars inglude der dendisht's ogsbences for new deeth?"

He larvd und dell me to dry again—dot I vos **imbrove fasht, und dot I will soon be able** to vight all der Vrenchmen in der vorld, und I says I dinks so neider.

Ye shabes away again, und I shuds mein eyes und hits out mid both blum-buddings shtraight, qvig, und hard again, und den dere vos a railvaydrain gollison ad mein levt ear, und I vas shtrug mit lidening und tunder; und ven I oben mein eyes I vos grazefully reglining on der vloor ov der adletig hall und sparring agademy. I dinks dere vas a shingle or doo knogged off mein roof. De Brovessor grinsh all round his mout und he asgs me:

"Vy don't I geep mein egvilibrium?"

"How ter teufel gan I geep him," I reshbond, "when you nog all der tam egvilibrium oud ov mein earnole mit a shledge-hammer?"

He lift me oop und ve shabes soom more, und he tabs me on der nose, und breag der bagbone of it; den he puds up a shudder ove mein right eye, und raises anoder young byzebs yoost over der left ear. Den he blay handball mit mein jaw all round der room; he shifts mein too ears farder bag on mein head, und he vinishes me in der shdomeg, und I dake a balloon journey soomerset like a tousand of brigs into der corner.

"I dink dot vill do for der virshtlesson," he shay.

I dell him I dinks so doo, for a fagt und no mistake. Und I say I don't no vich ish mein tob end, und vill he pood me right side oop, mit gare, und I vill go home.

"Ven vill you have der shegond lesson?" he say, ven I vos leaving.

I tole him I vas see aboud dot, bud I don't vas got no more bogsing mit dat noble Brofessor. I vas got me out of dot qvick.

ANOTHER WAY in which the phonograph will prove a household boon is revealed by an exchange: "As often as a certain six-year-old's papa, or anybody else, will tell an interesting story the youngster's ears are wide open, to say nothing of the condition of his mouth, and his voice is hushed. He becomes a bore by often asking for the stereotyped narrative. His father has purchased a phonograph, and has told it a hair-raising story, in which the father was the hero. Now there is peace and quiet for that papa. The boy sits by the hour turning the crank of the phonograph, drinking in every word of its utterances, till the wonderful machine itself gets hoarse, and asks permission to suck a lemon, or to be given a bronchial troche."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jottings ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ONLY TELL ME.

TO MY FRIEND RICHARD MCNAR. WORDS BY ROBERT MCKAY, MUSIC BY JAS. SCHWEIZER.

Only tell me that you love me,
Then will I rejoice again;
Give me but the sweet assurance
That I have not loved in vain.
Long in silence and in secret
Have I loved but you alone—
Tell me, may I smile in gladness,
Or must I in sorrow moan?

Chorus.

Only tell me that you love me,
Then will I rejoice again;
Only tell me that you love me,
That I have not loved in vain.

Only tell me that you love me,
Breathe the sweet words soft and low;
Bend on me those blue orbs brighter
Than the stars in heaven glow.
Let me know my fate—I linger,
Lowly kneeling at your feet,
Bid my heart to thrill with rapture
Or forever cease to beat.

Chorus.

Only tell me that you love me,
Then will I rejoice again;
Only tell me that you love me,
That I have not loved in vain.

OFF FOR EUROPE.

An actress on the quarter-deck—like a ship on the heaving bosom of Old Ocean—is a thing of life and beauty, especially to the male passengers and the officers of the vessel. The lady represented in our picture is Miss Augusta Blanche D'Esmeralda, leading lady of the principal metropolitan theatres, who has packed away her costly society robes in six large Saratoga trunks, and, having donned an old Winter costume to protect her fragile form from Atlantic storms, is now on her way to the Paris Exposition, where she expects to charm the gaze and rifle the hearts of Europe's *blase* nobility. From the way in which our art

SECOND DAY—SEPT. 26.

W. H. JACKSON.

100 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—75
100 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—69
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H. F. CLARK.

100 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—75
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100 yards	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	2—69—216

J. P. BROWN.

100 yards	4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
100 yards	3 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—69
100 yards	4 5 4 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4	—68—210

J. S. SUMNER.

100 yards	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4	—73
100 yards	4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—70
100 yards	5 3 4 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4	—66—209

R. RATHBONE.

100 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
100 yards	3 5 4 3 3 4 4 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4	—63
100 yards	5 4 5 4 3 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 5 5 3 5 5 3 5 5 3	—66—202

WILLIAM GERRISH.

100 yards	3 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—69
100 yards	5 5 5 3 5 3 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—68
100 yards	4 5 5 4 5 3 3 3 2 5 5 3 4 0 5 3 5 5 5 5 3	—56—193

C. K. DWIGHT.

100 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
100 yards	4 5 5 2 4 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5	—66
100 yards	4 3 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 3 5	—190

H. V. ROCKWELL.

100 yards	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—73
100 yards	5 5 4 3 3 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—67
100 yards	0	—140
Team total		1,576
		1,660
Grand total		3,236

THE TURF.

THE LOUISVILLE RACES.

The Louisville (Ky.) Jockey Club commenced their annual Fall meeting on Monday, Sept. 23, with a not very encouraging attendance and first-class racing over a hard and dusty track.

The first event was the Blue Grass Stakes, for five-year-olds, $50 each, $300 added, three-quarters of a mile. There were eight starters, who had considerable trouble in getting away, and were finally sent off in bad shape, Young Jim being left at the post. Clarissima led until Romeo B. being left at the post. Clarissima led until Romeo B. being left at the backstretch, when Peru went to the front, only to be in turn passed by Alice Bruce, the favorite, who in the stretch for home, when he went under the wire a length before Momentum. Solicitor a bad fourth. Time, 2:42½.....A mile-heat race, for all ages, $300, followed, the first heat being easily won by two lengths by King Faro, who was second in the two following heats by Dave Moore. Time, 1:45, 1:45, 1:47¾.

The weather was threatening on the second day, 24, and consequently few persons paid admission to the track. The sport began with Belle Meade Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, $50 each, $300 added, three-quarters of a mile. Ben Ali, the leading horse until nearly two-thirds of the way home, was then collared by Lucy Walker, who in turn was passed by Alice Bruce, the favorite, but so well together were a half-dozen that it was impossible to pick out the winner. As they came dashing up the long stretch for the finishing furlong pole Trinidad forged ahead and won in a canter by a length; Ben Hill second, with One Dime third, and followed by Good-night, Bashi-Bazouk, Stiletto, Strathmore, Harry Bishop and the Johnson filly. Time, 1:17.....The succeeding event was a mile-and-a-quarter dash, for all ages, $350, five starting, Wareham, c. f., who sold second to Mahistick in the pools, having the lead before going a quarter mile, and never being headed, although Nellie Rooker pushed her hard the last half mile and was only beaten a half length; the four lengths behind, Poetess fourth, and the favorite last. Time, 3:10 A mile dash, for all ages, $200, was then decided, five starting, and Warfield, taking command at the half, after which he was never approached, coming under the wire a score of lengths ahead of Reynolds' unnamed bay colt second, Vril third, Lizzie Ford fourth and Crosslet. Time, 1:43¾.....The closing race of the day was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, $250, selling allowances, five running. Classmate was first to show in front, and she remained until halfway along the backstretch, when Joe Rhodes took up the running, and at the end of a couple of lengths in the van. Up to the three-quarter pole he kept in front; but then Signal and Petrel passed and gave him the go-by, the pair having a hard race to the wire, which Signal reached a few inches ahead, he being two lengths behind Petrel, with Julia Jackson third, Volena fifth. Time, 2:12.

Another weather was enjoyed on the third day, 25; but the fine weather was occasioned by the seemingly well-founded report that the scourge of the South, yellow fever, had taken a hold of the Falls City had the effect of making the attendance even smaller than it was on either of the previous days. The track was deep with dust, and the sport was rather uninteresting, owing to the ease with which the winners in the different contests secured their honors. The initial event was a mile-heat race, for all ages, $300, which, however, was somewhat startling, and Janet won as she pleased in two straight heats, taking the lead from Allan Pinkerton on the first heat, and leading all the way in the second. Time, 1:45½, 1:46¼.....This was followed by a selling race, for all ages, $300, mile and a half. The favorite being Edinburgh. They kept well together all the way up to the homestretch, when whip and spur were freely used, but with the better effect on the latter, who reached the goal a length before Blue Eyes, and Red King William a half length, Checkmate and Classification following. Time, 1:29.....The afternoon's sport was wound up with a mile race, for all ages, $200, in which Milan was the favorite, but he never able to quite get up to Bergamot, who went away with the lead and was always in front, landing the heat by a length; Edinburgh third, Shortline fourth, and Lizzie last. Time, 1:43¾.

Despite the storm of the previous night the sun came out bright and warm on the morning of the 26th, the weather remaining fine all day, and, as there was a special attraction to attend the sport in the shape of the American Stallion Stake, there was a great improvement in the size of the assembly, the track was very muddy, and fast travelling not thought of. For the race above mentioned, which formed the fifth day's programme, and which was enriched by the addition of the Woodburn Challenge Vase, valued at $250, there were ten starters out of sixty nominations. The distance was a mile and three-quarters, and the favorite Brandale, who had won twice as many Star. Pomeroy went away in the van; but neither had gone a quarter mile the favorite had headway, and they were in the stretch for home, when he went under the wire a length before Momentum. Solicitor a bad fourth. Time, 3:42½.....A mile-heat race, for all ages, $300, followed, the first heat being easily won by two lengths by King Faro, who was second in the two following heats by Dave Moore. Time, 1:45, 1:45, 1:47¾.

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Another week

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Sept. 30.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Nettie (of Golden's Co.) (2)
Antonio, Tillie
Adams, Lucille 12c.
Aubrey, Mrs. Robt.
Balanrie, Annie (of DeEste's Co.)
Budworth, Emma
Bidwell, Dollie
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Nellie
Coleman, Clara (of Coleman Sisters)
Connolly, Marie
Claire, Maggie
Coleman, Alice (with The Bergers)
Carlyn, Nettie
Clifton, Viola 9c.
Chaprioneer, Lillian
Crayton, Gussie
Courtland, Nellie
Duclos, Ninon
DiMurska's Co., Agent
Delange, Minaire (2)
Dingwell, Nellie
Reeves
Davenport's Manager
D'Este, Helen
Dillis, Florence
Engle, Jennie
Forshthar Sisters
Elliott, Lottie (2)
Fairmont, Belle
Foster, Fannie
Forest, Lillian (3)
Fielding, Clara
Fletcher, Kate
Gray, Adrienne
Grates, Gracie
Grey, Maggie
Gleason, Alice
Howard, Maude
Henderson, Kittie
Howard, May
Holland, Mrs. 6c.
Havre, Ceni 6c.
Hutchins, Eliza
Irving, Edith (vocalist)
Jeal, Linda
Jewell, Alice
Janauschech, Fannie
Jordan, Emma
Jamison, Mrs. Carrie
Leigh, Georgie (of Rentz's Minst.)
Love, Allie
Linden, Lillie (2)
Lone, Josie A. (2)
Le Brun, Mrs. Eliza 5c.
Lesler, Mrs. H. or F. Lynwood, Ida
Marshall, Florence M.
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mayo, Ella (vocalist)
McDermott Sisters
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Morton, Alma
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Montague, Annie (of Hess' Co.)
Mac'elle, Miss (of Volke's Garden)
Montrose, Sadie
Murray, Henrietta
Nelson, Sara (of Rentz's Minst.) 3c.
Nault, Juliette
Noonan, Mrs. Alice
Oaks, Fannie (care D. Oaks)
Pascoe, Miss (of Rentz' Minst.) (2)
Partington, Sallie (2)
Pott, Louise, 4c.
Palladino, Emma
Rinehart, Mrs. (mother of Bertie R.)
Richmond's Co., Manag., Adah
Rainford, Alice
Rose, Millie
Ryse, Mad. Ellis (2)
Rooney, Mrs. Pat
Sanville, Tillie
Sanyeah, Mrs. Sami.
St. Felix Sisters
Smith, Sarah
Siddons, Ida
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Selwyn, Blanche
Sanderson, Mrs.
Sewell, Alice
Sargeant, Lillie
Sharpe, Mrs. Charine 5c.
Sabern, Jennie
Van Dusen, Mrs. M.
Woods, Annie
Wallace, Ida
Worrell, Irene
Williams, Mrs. Mollie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alexander, W. B.
Arizona, Chas
Arlington, Cotton & Co.
Aubrey, Robt.
Atkins, W. A.
Adams, Marsh
Benedict, Lew
Brown, S. M. Harry
Barry, Ed.
Baldwin, E.
Bray, W. H.
Burgess, Nell (2)
Barnum, P. T.
Boyd & Barsfield
Buckley, Billy (of London Circus)
Brown & Barnes
Buker, Wm. F.
Bernard, Harry
Bernardo, —
Bingham, J. W. (2)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bent, B. C.
Banks, Joe H.
Barry, Dave
Burke, Jas. C.
Barene, V. (of Prim & West's Min.)
Berry, G. S.
Boyd, G. J. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Colville, Manager
Carroll & Young
Converse, Frank B.
Chrisdie, Chas.
Carner, John
Cummings & Hines
Callender, H. W. R.
Cincinnatus & Hogan
Clifton, W. F.
Carvet, Chas.
Chivarelli, Sig.
Crossley & Elder (2)
Carroll, G. A.
Collyer, Dan
Carey & Rock
Cromley, T. R.
Collier, J. W. (of Cele. Case Co.)
Charles, G. C.
Cox, R. B.
Clarke, Kit
Carson, Jr., Kit
Devere, T. (of Devere Bros.)
Doty, J. A.
Decker Nelson
D'Arcey, W.
DeForrest, F. (Dutch "biz")
Dingess, John A.
De Vail, —
De Mott, Jas.
Dupret, C. H.
Du Chailu, Paul B.
Emidy, Jas
Emmett, J. K. (2)
Emerson's Minstrels, Manager
Emerson, Wm. (2
Fraser, Robt.
Forbes, Chas.
Francis, Geo. (cyclist)
Fithian, Archie
Flynn, J. (of Keating & Flynn)
Fielding, Harry
Fields & Hansen
France, S. C.
Favor & Shields
Franks, Joe
France, Sid
Field, A. G. (of Gt. Am. Circus)
Fenton, Fred (comedian)
Grierson, Bob
Gregoire, C. (with Fullman & Hamil.)
Garton, J. (of N. Y. Circus)
Gaston, Albert (2)
Gaylor, Frank
Grove, Sr., C. L.
"G. A." (2)
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Holloway, Jas. (clown)
Harvey, E. H. (3)
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Larry (comedian)
Haverly, J. H.
Huntley, J. M. (manager)
Hall, Harry
Haley & West
Holmes, Mr.
Howard, Lester
Heath, Prof. (ventriloquist)
Howard & Sanford
Hart, Dan
Harrington, John C.
Huber, F. (of Huber & Allen) 6c.
Hall, J. (of Hall & DeBar)
Hamilton, Sam
Henry, H. T.
Hepp, Jos. W.
Hickey, John M.
Harpur, W. F.
Hall, Frank D. (of Fraser's Co.)
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Ireland & Ellis
Irving, P. H.
Jarman, W.
Jennings, Harry
Kelly, J. J.
Kent, Chas P. (2)
Kingcade, Jas.
Knight, G. S.
Keneble, Frank
Kendall, Edward
King, H. O.
Kiraify, Imre
Kinslow, J.
Kelly, Jas. (of Kelly & Neary)
Kernell, J. (of Kernell Bros.)
Lester, L.
Lang, Joe
Leslie, Roy
Laine, J. H. (2)
Leon, Chas (rope artist)
Leopold, Geo.
Levino Bros.
Lang, Sam 5c.
Levantine, F. F. (2)
Lorella, J. C.
Lavarnie, Harry & Carrie
Little, Chas. (musician)
Little, R. G.
Loomis, H. T.
Lane, John A. (of Davey's Co.)
Legrino & Legat
Lotto, Fred
Levanion & Leoni
Mauritius, Dick
Manning, W. (of Conway & Mann.)
Martino, Prof. 3c.
Murphy & Mack
Miller, Jos.
McGlone, Pete
Miller, Prof.
Milligan, Bob
Murphy, Con T
Mitchell, W. H.
Maly, John (of Marlow)
Mayo, Wm. Wallace (2)
McAvoy, Jas.
Moak, J. A.
McMahon, M. (late of Markham's Co.)
Moreland, A. C. (3c
Muller, F. A. (violinist)
Mackey, Dave (Dutch "biz")
Major Tot
Moores, J. R. (of Barnum's Circus)
Moores, L. (of Barnum's Circus)
McNish, Frank
Marix, Lucien
"Notlad"
Noonan, Billy
Nathan, J. (of Barnum's Circus)
Nolan, F. K.
Nutt, Commodore
Owen, W. F.
Orrin Bros.
Phillips, W. F.
Powers Jen Parker, Lewis
Primrose, Homer
Primrose, G. H.
Powers, John H.
Plunket, Chas.
Pollerson, C. H.
Paul, W. M.
Quinlan & Ida Adare, M.
Ryse, E. (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Roe, Harry W.
Rickaby, John
Ryman, Add
"Richard"
Rentfraw, J. N. (2)
Robinson, J. C. (musician)
Ronaldo, H.
Rennie, Jas. R.
Porter, E. C.
Read, Chas. H.
Rosenbaum, E.
Rogers, L (of Ch. Thompson's Co.)
Roberts, N. F.
Robinson, John (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Reinhart, Alf.
Swonsbourne, C. H. (2)
Salsima, Kane (2)
Samwells, T. (animal trainer)
Streig, J. V.
Silly, F. B.
Stowe, W. H.
Santom, W. H. (late with Barnum)
Snow, Lew
Sherick, Mark
Seagel, F. (ballet-master)
Steuart, Richd. (variety "biz")
Stone, D. W.
Skillings, G. A. (2)
"Stage Carpenter"
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Stevens, O'Dale (2)
Straight, Ned
Seymour, O. T.
Stickney, Robt. (2)
Steele, Jno. T.
Salt, Theodore
Stanley, Ernest
Sanford, J. L
Summers, J. W.
Salsbury, J.
Sangyeah, Sam
Seabert, C. F.
Taylor, Billy (of Camybell's Circus)
Talbott, Harry
Tamo, W.
Tryon, T. C.
Thatcher, Geo.
"Talent"
Terry, Wm.
Uffner, Frank
Van Deusen, Jos.
Villa, Saml.
Western, H. (of Western & Walling)
Webster, J. (of Salsbury's Troub.)
Warren, Wm.
White, Archie
Willis & West
Warner, Dr. (with Wild Men of Borneo)
Woodville, Jas. (of Tooley's)
Weaver, Geo
Williams, C. J. (with Jubilee Singers)
Wilbur, B. C.
Wenus, R. D.
Wills, F. M.
White, Fred
Washburn, E. S.
Walton, Jas. E.
Wallhalla, Max
Wheelock, Leon
Wildman, F. J.
Wiley, L. H.
Waite, Jas. R. (manager)
White, Fred
West, H. (of B. W. P. & W.'s Minst.)
Wells, Harry
Willis, Frank E.
Weeden, H. K.
"X. Y. Z."

THERE IS A LETTER in the Hornellsville (N. Y.) Post-office for Ed. Horan, of Oates' Comic Opera Co.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Sept. 30, '78.

Which closes all dates appertaining to that month, and opens the way for those alleged melancholy days which are inseparable from October and the mind of the unhappy poet. When we look back—remembering, however, the sad and unaccountable fate of Mrs. Lot, who, owing to her transgression of the law, became a permanent model artist—it were better that we refrain from looking back, but rather pursue the even tenor of our way in a straightforward manner, and set down naught in malice.....How has been the week's business? Well, there have been fluctuations—a rise here, a drop there, and collapses in other quarters; but, take it near and far, we notice that the lighter form of entertainment has secured better rates for the capital invested than the heavy or legitimate has been rewarded with. Thus we find in this city and elsewhere that variety, minstrelsy, and burlesque have met with unusual favor at the hands of the people; while those managers and those performers who have wrestled with the standard drama, the society play and tragedy have not been compelled to drive throngs from their doors. And so, while Tony Pastor and his troupe were made happy at sight of the smiling faces which greeted them at the Grand Opera-house, Messrs. Harrigan & Hart looked sweetly upon the unadulterated audiences which filled the Theatre Comique; and we notice that, with commendable gratitude and a desire to make the outs as comfortable as the ins, the two aitches give notice that hereafter they intend to upholster the curbstone in front of their house, as well as the steps of the St. Nicholas Hotel, opposite, in order that those occupying such positions may rest easy and comfortable—this is a step in the right direction, and has no parallel except in the case of the San Francisco Minstrels, who, a few seasons ago, were obliged to notify latecomers to bring ladders with them, from which coign of 'vantage they could, through convenient windows and friendly skylights, witness the performances going on in the interior. As the Friscos were compelled to turn away people several evenings during the past week, we should suggest to Messrs. Birch, Wambold and Backus the advisability of reviving the ladder-trick in the interests of their patrons.....From the land of steady habits comes the news that J. K. Emmet's six days and nights among the good people down East convinced him that the citizens of that region have a steady habit of attending, in large numbers, the delightful entertainments given by "Our Fritz."....From St. Louis intelligence reaches us that May Fisk and her troupe of blondes had set 'em wild, even the usually guarded and morally-inclined newspapers of that village extolling the charms of the ladies in chaste and beautiful language, and calling special attention to the sculpturesque accuracy of their limbs and the rosy freshness of their faces—all of which go to show the rapid strides made by St. Louis in its love and encouragement of art. Our correspondents in other sections give equally flattering reports of the success of the same style of exhibitions among them.....On Saturday evening last we bade farewell to Theodore Thomas and wiped our weeping eyes. Yet, why should we weep? for the same vessel that brought us, in the liberated Fenians, Cogdon and Melody, also gives us harmony in the return of Gilmore's Band; so that really we are gainers by the change.....That other Theodore, the midnight hanger-up of pictures, is out with a new lecture, entitled "Heart's Ease;" a sequel, probably, to that heart ache which afflicted him a few years ago, and which, at one time it was thought, would make the beatings of his heart cease. [You will perceive how prettily we have worked in this beautiful little incident, and how tenderly we have avoided all reference to the Tilton and Beecher scandal, which agitated the land in the sweet past and gone.—ED.].....It is with pain and mortification we read the discussion going on between our respected contemporary *The Tribune*, and our equally esteemed friend of the Standard Theatre, Manager Henderson. While not wishing to be considered as taking part in the strife, we may be excused, probably, for suggesting to Brother Henderson that, in making War upon a newspaper, he fights at a disadvantage, and takes up "arms against a sea of troubles" which may submerge him in the deep bosom of the ocean, figuratively speaking. For why? The newspaper may peg away at our dear brother without cost; whereas, on the other hand, the manager cannot strike back save through the courtesy of other papers at variance with the journal of the first part. Therefore we advise an armistice, and the arrangement of articles of peace, pending which the belligerents can have time to see wherein they have misunderstood one another and misconstrued the original text of the disagreement.....This allusion to articles of war directs our attention to an article of peace, which, when artistically handled, hath its victories no less renowned than war. In pensive verse we herald the victories of

TRA.

A *shooting Payne* is counted bad—
Few others could be worse;
But that at St. Jimmy's last week
Was voted the reverse.

...He went to hear Wilhelmj at a matinee on Saturday, but, not being exactly acquainted with the style of music the imminent violinist was working out of his fiddle, this here man we have referred to sent a note to the performer, kindly requesting him to play "Munny Musk." Owing to the extreme length of the programme, the request was not complied with.....The revels will begin this evening, when, under its new director, the Olympic will throw open its doors, and cater for a fair division of the spoils. The new manager ought to do well, because he's so Hanley to have in the house. Let's engage Gilmore's Band, march in procession in the middle of the street, and give Martin W. such a welcome as will make him happy for the rest of his life.....Nebraska City is in a high state of excitement because a hairless calf has just been foaled there. If they make such a fuss over that single fatted calf, what would they say if they were to visit this city, and see the—Hold hard. We are growing personal.....Guess there'll be another disturbance of the peace. Why? Well, you see, the Frisco boys claim *theirs* as "the greatest show on earth," while Barnum, fortified with documents as strong as proof of holy writ, protests that *his* is the only and original greatest show on earth, and that all others are "snides." Were it not that *both* of these greatest shows on earth advertise in THE CLIPPER, we should deem it our duty to seek to embroil the hands of the claimants in human gore. As it is, our voice is still for peace; therefore we council moderation and forbearance.....And now we are told that recently, in a theatre in Vienna, Austria, an actress dropped her stone-teeth on the stage while contorting her face in a death-scene. This is very touching and sad, and should be a warning to all actresses, who, in their death struggles, leave the pearly gates ajar.....Last week, on the bills of the Germania Theatre, a play was announced as "Die Guten Freunde." This comes of employing Dutch compositors who are ignorant of their business. Any American compositor with merely ordinary intelligence would have found no difficulty in giving the correct title to the play, viz., "Mine Goot Fryinde."....That is right. The manager of the Haymarket has made a new deal, and announces as a novelty the engagement of the Hebrew Team. Why not? Are we to continue to bear malice towards a race of fellow-creatures because of a slight misunderstanding of their ancestors centuries ago? Hath not a Jew eyes and ears and things like that, the same as any other pious person? Let's encourage the Hebrew Team, and thereby frown down sectarianism and all forms of party religion.....There is compensation in all things. No sooner is the Coney Island season at an end than the high-toned Arbuckle (observe the double force of that qualifying expression) appears at the Tabernacle over in Brooklyn, where his melodious strains help on materially the spiritual work. If we were an English swell now we should write a verse something like this:

POET-AH-RY.

The—ah—season at Coney is over,
The—ah—people have hied them away;
No longer you see the—ah—lover
Along the—ah—promenade stray.
For—R—oysters the people now clamor,
While the clam—ah—is happy to shirk,
And Arbuckle's gone back to Tabasco,
To—ah—check the fight down to his work!

.....And while discussing religious topics, we should be derelict in our duty as the organ of the theatrical profession did we not chronicle the fact that, on Sept. 26, the "play people" of Philadelphia gave a benefit in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South, and the sum realized by the efforts of those ungodly people amounted to nearly *five thousand dollars!* Full details are given in our dramatic summary. We call attention to this special case because of the want of courtesy manifested towards the "play people" when the latter sought the aid and co-operation of their Christian brethren.....In "M'liss," now being played at Niblo's Garden, our friends may recognize an old acquaintance in Yuba Bill. A few years ago, if your memory will carry you back that far, this gentleman was spoken of as Yuby Dam Bill. In deference to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the recognition of Brother Talmage in our places of amusement, it was thought proper and conciliating to omit the cuss words, and introduce our old pard as plain Yuba Bill.....Coup's Equescurriculum, with "the finest show of horses on earth," begins a brief season tonight in Fourteenth street opposite the Academy of Music. "Isn't it them what's got the bronchial horses?" Broncho horses, Jimmy, not bronchial; they're in perfect health, and as sound as a bass drum. "Does the manager get into a coop with 'em when they act?" Coup is the name of the manager, James. "Oh!" Hear this:

HORSE TALK.

The Bronchos are of royal birth,
And come of kingly strain—
They crowd the houses every night
To see *Jude macey*.

.....More horse talk: at Gibbons' Art Gallery, 17th street and Fifth avenue, may be seen Rosa Bonheur's great painting of "The Horse Fair." When we tell you that the proceeds of the exhibition are for the benefit of those made orphans by the yellow-fever, you may not hesitate to take it in, and thus help the orphan. Other paintings are included in the exhibition, and only twenty-five cents to see it all. Remember the cause.....Manager Henderson is presenting his patrons with a play with "A False Title." *Way* does he do this when he can get so many correct titles?.....Mrs. Florence is to exhibit her new clothes this week. They are of almost every hue and shade, and she still has one *chef d'œuvre*. [French language, meaning a shade over.—ED.].....Were Brother Talmage to tell it in Gotham and cry it out in the streets of Brooklyn that he intended to visit our variety theatres, the boys would meet him half way, and make it lively and pleasant for him. Going in so quietly as he does, and taking his seat up in the gallery, shows a want of discrimination and sociability. Guess he gets nervous, though, and acts thus strangely to avoid the notice of other members of his congregation who may be on the same errand.....We shall rejoice in Miss Schumacher's success, if she shows herself able to electrify Europe. Don't know her? Bless you, she is one of our American singers who is studying for the opera abroad. Her last role—which is also her first—leads us to put

A DIRECT QUESTION.

Suppose, Miss Schumacher shouldn't
Succeed in her very last role,
'Twere wise, you'll confess, if she couldn't,
To drop it, with proper control.
And yet the question arises,
Which should not be heedlessly passed,
The thing left last, in all cases
Should a Schumacher stick to her last?

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Ad. Neuendorf, manager of the Germania Theatre, this city, was on Sept. 24 elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society in place of Theodore Thomas. Dr. Damrosch was, Mr. Neuendorf's competitor.....Mme. Janauschek arrived here Sept. 25 in the steamer Abyssinia.....There are no more Glucks. The last descendant of the composer to bear his name died recently at Aschach, on the Danube, viz., Chevalier Ferdinand Gluck, an Austrian officer.....Rullman's Italian Concert Company, consisting of Mme. Aline Alhaiza, soprano; Mlle. Matilda Tomassi, contralto; Sig. Luberti, tenor; Sig. Boniveri, baritone; and Franz Rummel, piano, arrived here from Havre, France, Sept. 24. At their concerts it is their intention to introduce scenes in costume from the principal operas.....Laura Adaline Fisher, infant daughter of Sheridan Shook, died at Stamford, Ct., Sept. 25.....James E. Murdoch has been appointed professor of elocution at the College of Music, Cincinnati, O.....Miss Elizabeth Sloman, the harp-player, has returned to this city.....Henry D. Weston, a musician attached to Brown's Band of Boston, was arraigned before Judge Bloom in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 25, upon the charge of abandoning his wife, Alice. The complaint was withdrawn upon his agreeing to pay her five dollars a week alimony.....The Coroner's jury on Sept. 24 concluded their labors in the inquest in the case of Isaiah L. Weaver the minstrel, killed on the 12th by an accidental railroad collision at Long Island. The railroad company was exonerated.....Miss Mathilde Lennon, Boston vocalist, has appeared in London, Eng., with fair success.....Maurice Barrymore, playing Julian Beauclerc in "Diplomacy" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 25, was attacked by diphtheria, but managed to continue until the final fall of the curtain. On the following night James M. Hardie of the stock company at that house took Mr. Barrymore's place.....The ancient organ upon which the great Sebastian Bach played for four years is being repaired at Arnstadt.....John H. Hall, a member of one of whose wife and daughter by yellow-fever was chronicled in our last issue, fell a victim to the same disease in Memphis, Tenn., on Sept. 25. He was prominent in that city for several years, and had interested himself in several theatrical enterprises. He was a brother of Maggie Mitchell the actress, also of Emma Mitchell and Mrs. Annie Hall.....The Twenty-second Regiment Band gave its last outdoor concert for the season on Sept. 27, in Central Park.....John Marshall, the Baltimore elocutionist, has just returned from London, Eng., and is preparing to make a public appearance in this city.....Orchestras that do not play "My Grandfather's Clock" are in great demand.....George E. Ward, who had acquired local repute as an organist in Newark, N. J., died in Hoboken Sept. 27, aged thirty-one years. He was the brother-in-law of General J. T. Hatfield, and the son-in-law of the Rev. James O. Rogers, whose daughter Minnie, a leading soprano of Newark, he married about five years ago.....John H. Sonnambula" is to be the entering wedge to Mapleson's operatic season at the Academy of Music, this city, beginning Oct. 16. Campanini will be the Elvino, Foli the Rodolfo, and Etelka Gerster the Amina.....S. E. Jacobsohn is to be professor of the violin and concert-master at the Cincinnati College of Music.....Thomas J. Hall, since about 1862 of the music-publishing firm of William Hall & Co., this city, the senior partner being his father, the late General William Hall, died here on Sept. 27. Thomas was almost as well known in theatrical circles as in musical, was a member of the Lotos and Arcadian Clubs, and had served twelve years in the Seventh Regiment. His death is said to have been caused by his imprudent use of oxalic acid, recommended by a friend as a specific for neuralgic gout.....The Kellogg-Cary Operatic Concert Troupe make their first appearance in this city, and their only one for a time at least, at Steinway Hall, Oct. 10.....Simcoe Lee, prominently seen a quarter of a century ago at Burton's and Chambers-street Theatre and Wallack's, this city, and quite recently supporting George Rignold at our Grand Opera-house, has contributed largely to the success of "M'liss" at Niblo's Garden by his rendition of Bummer Smith.....About Oct. 5 the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith is to give a new lecture at Chickering Hall, N. Y., entitled "Spectator and Actor: My Experience in the Globe Theatre."....Marie Roze gets credit for having presented Miss Arabella Root with a valuable diamond cross.....In a minor role in "Mother and Son" at the Union-square appears a Miss Sarah Cowell, who suggests her usefulness for mere servant-girl in showing a capacity for higher work.....It is now announced that Mme. Simico-Campobello will come to this country with Mapleson.....M. Remenyi, fiddler-in-chief to the Emperor of Austria, sails for the United States on Oct. 17.....Mrs. Ettie Henderson has adapted "Almost a Lie" for the Standard Theatre. It is from the French of Emile Gaboriean.....*Galignani's Messenger* pronounces "Le Pont d'Avignon"—the new opera-bouffe at the Bouffes Parisiens, and reviewed in our columns last week—a failure dramatically as well as musically.....*The London Times* says of Byron's new drama of conscience as "Mary" produced at the Prince's Theatre, London, Sept. 16, that the last act is very weak, and must be remedied if the play is to achieve success. *The London Standard* thinks "the play is wanting in probability, and somewhat clumsily welded together;" but adds that "Mr. Byron's characteristic dialogue and some fairly ingenious sketches of character won for it a tolerably favorable reception."....While dancing at Bordeaux, France, recently, in "The Tour of the World," Mme. Delas was severely burned through her dress catching fire.....The last concert at Manhattan Beach for the season was given on Sunday, Sept. 29.....'Camille" has been revived at the Gymnase, Paris, with Mlle. Lissandiere as the great slobbered-upon.....Burnand's Thackeray's "Jeames" has not been drawing well at the Gaiety, London.....The Arabella Root Grand Concert Company has organized, to wit: Arabella Root, prima-donna soprano; Miss Zelina Stanley, violin; A. B. Furlong, tenor; W. F. Holmes, baritone buffo; Sig. Carlo Torrani, solo-pianist; and Robert De L'Armitage, director.....'On Blooming Meadows,' Mme. Rive King's waltz, performed at Gilmore's Garden on Sept. 27 by Thomas' band, was arranged for orchestra by a musician of this city—Ernest Grill.....Charles Pope closed at the Bowery Theatre Sept. 28, and Rose and Harry Watkins and their daughter revive their popularity there to-night.....What has become of Prof. King? A dispatch to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, and dated Sept. 28, from Ashtabula, O., says: "Prof. King and his balloon went up from the Fair Grounds in Jefferson this afternoon. After a flight of twenty-two minutes a landing was made at North Kingsville, with no man aboard, basket bottom up and the top valve gone. A pair of shoes attached to the rigging was all the trace left of the Professor."....Ira D. Sankey and his family will sail for Europe on Oct. 5.....The Worcester, Mass., Musical Festival closed on Sept. 27. It is reported to have been, financially and artistically, all that its projectors hoped for.....'The Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," written by Alfred Tennyson in his youth, when he was not so sensitive as he is now, was about to be republished in *The Christian Signal*, a London religious journal. The post-laureate has just obtained a permanent injunction against the publisher. Will not somebody now dramatize "The Confessions?".....The Rev John Parker, a minister of the M. E. Church, is causing a mere ripple of excitement in Williamsburg, L. I., by preaching and writing to the local press against theatres.....S. B. Mills the pianist, now abroad, has been elected a member of the Kuenstler Verein, at Cologne.....Miss Lillian Norton, who went abroad with Gilmore's Band, has not returned with him. She remains behind to study in Paris.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Union-square Theatre began on Sept. 24. The play was "Mother and Son," announced as by Victorien Sardou, and cast thus:

Fabrice.....C. R. Thorne Jr.	Clarisse Trabaud..Sara Jewett
Anselm Brochat..J. Parselle	Gabrielle De Lery.
M. Trabaud...W. J. Lemoyne	Nina Varian
Clavejol..... J. B. Polk	Zoe Denisart.
M. Amaury.....W. Remey	Maude Harrison
Lechard.....C. W. Bowser	Marcelle Aubrey Linda Dietz
Francois.....H. F. Daly	Vme. Cotteret..Marie Wilkins
Gaspard.....Master Eyling	Claudine.....Mrs. Seymour
A Gendarme...W. S. Quigley	Marianne.....Sarah Cowell
Antoine.....R. S. Sutter	Pellice.....Jennie Ross
The Baroness de St. Andre,	Veronica...Catherine Smith
Fanny Morant	Celeste.....Mary Vaughn

It is but fair to Sardou to state that a good deal of this "Mother and Son" he never saw. In being adapted to the requirements of the Union-square Theatre, his "Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy" has undergone many alterations without having been positively improved. As originally produced at the Vaudeville, Paris, last Spring, it was a petite comedy, without a clear beginning or a perceptible end, revolving within the broader circuit of a mere skeleton of a drama. That is all that it is in its present shape. Nothing saved it from immediate and utter ruin in Paris but the uncommon strength of two scenes in its fourth act. That strength has here been diluted through its being spread over two acts, the third and fourth. "Pont-Arcy" presented but one absurdity; "Mother and Son" presents three or four. Fabrice, so careful of his own and a strange lady's reputation that he refuses to call upon her at her hotel, asks her to meet him at the very hour and in the very place when and where detection is the least avoidable. Sardou is responsible for this inartistic bit of work, upon which all the agony rests; and it is retained in "Mother and Son." But it was not Sardou who gave the father of Fabrice two wives, a luxury that so well-known a personage could scarcely enjoy in a country in which ecclesiastics watch marriages, and the Government furnishes official stamped paper for certificates; nor was it Sardou who required Fabrice, the noble son, to prove himself a very ignoble son by proclaiming to the assembled villagers, as to a woman he had never seen or heard of until that hour: "She is my mistress!" The promotion from the surroundings in "Pont-Arcy" is that she *is* his mistress, and Sardou permits Fabrice simply to allow this presumption to prevail for the time being—he does not require him to shout forth a lie in order that the curtain may fall upon "a heightened dramatic effect," as it is called. It likewise heightens the dramatic effect to give the Baron two wives, and to that extent it may be defensible; but, as when Fabrice by a falsehood transforms a married woman into a wanton, it also deepens the disgust, and that is indefensible. It was a risky undertaking of Sardou's to require of the mother of Fabrice—only a tanner's daughter, by the way—that she exact of her son that he marry the woman and father the boy respectively known to the Paris audience as the mistress and the child of Fabrice's dead father. They order these things differently in France. But the Baroness de St. Andre's lofty exaction, which in "Pont-Arcy" is merely unnatural in a Frenchwoman who has been elected from a tannery to the apex of fashion, in "Mother and Son" amounts to nothing less than a suggestion of incest to Fabrice and the audience in New York, who have been told that Marcelle Aubrey was the wife of the bizamous Baron, and have seen young Fabrice with the proof of Marcelle's marriage in his hand. Again, the indignity that Fabrice heaps upon Marcelle in proclaiming, in her own hearing as well as of others, that she is his mistress, is in the last act added to—by way of heightened dramatic effect at the expense of decency—by the dramatist's making her falsely avow herself to the Baroness de St. Andre, in "Mother and Son," as a woman too abandoned to be deemed even worthy of the equivocal title of mistress to Fabrice. Marcelle's action in the fifth act stultifies her sentiments in the third. The morality of "Pont-Arcy" is not patent; the immorality of "Mother and Son" is so marked that, had Boucicault been announced as its adapter, there are several metropolitan journals that would scarcely have applied the adjective "beautiful" to it. As compared with it, much-abused "Clarissa Harlowe" has the odor of clean sheets. There is one character in "Mother and Son" utterly without fragrance. She plays no decided part in the original, and is largely an American creation. Broad in her very first scene, in the fourth act her brain and thorax become so crammed with unsavory recollections that, in recounting the number of male acquaintances to whom in her long life she has been more generous than just, she pauses only because her breath refuses to keep pace with her memory; and when she can no longer rattle off the catalogue, she evinces in another way that generosity, rather than justice, actuates her even in her old age. The valet's long list of his master's conquests in "Don Giovanni," is thus surpassed by the voluntary confess ons of an aged female. Truly, "Mother and Son" are *not* "doing well"—for the future of the stage. The play was not conspicuously a success in Paris, save as to a touching scene between Fabrice and the wealthy lady (Berangere Des Ormoises there, but here called Gabrielle De Lery), to whom he is to be wedded; and in its altered form it does not deserve success anywhere. The first two acts are as much wasted time, which is a peculiarity of Sardou. The fifth is needless except for the self-abasement of Marcelle, which of itself is gratuitous. The interest does not begin until the middle of the third act, and it ends with the curtain to the fourth, when Gabrielle pledges anew her troth to Fabrice, who is by the adapter made to very unreasonably ask her to believe his unsupported word, after he has just uttered in her hearing the outrageous and unmanly lie that Marcelle is his mistress. An effort is made to point a moral by putting this stale maxim on the bills: "The evil that men do lives after them." But the play itself flatly contradicts this. The little interest it possesses centres upon the efforts of Fabrice and Marcelle to keep a blackmailer—to whom Marcelle owes 50,000 francs for a shop in which the dead Baron had set her up in the millinery or dressmaking business—from communicating the knowledge of the Baron's evil to the Baron's widow; but in the last act her own brother (Brochat) tells the Baroness all about it. Thereupon, having driven Marcelle from the house, she causes the multitude to be again assembled, she mounts the stump and tells them that "the sad dog" was the father, not the son, and then this mother whom the adapter has made the moiety of a widow cries: "I can forgive the father who has given me such a son!" That settles the evil that was to perpetuate itself. It is one of the "beauties" of a play that is richly mounted and finely acted. The major honors fall to Charles R. Thorne Jr., Miss Fanny Morant, and Mrs. Marie Wilkins, who return to this house after an absence of sixteen months in the cases of the first two, and of a few weeks longer in that of Mrs. W.; to John Wheelock and Miss Linda Dietz, in whom there was nothing lacking to give fuller effect to a role that paves a way for itself through the hearts of the sympathetic; and to Miss Nina Varian, who, appreciably improved during her trip to California with the Union-square company, ably seconded Mr. Thorne's powerful acting in the scene in which love laughs at meddlers, which is the only wholesome moral of the piece. In Clarisse, meddler-in-chief, Miss Sara Jewett had a part far less gloomy than those roles in which she has figured of late, and it was a relief to see her unhandicapped by a single whine. As Amaury, Walden Ramsey, who had also played with this company in California, gave promise of becoming a worthy successor of Claude Burroughs and George Geddens in specialties requiring the masculine wig to be parted in the middle; and C. W. Bowser, a Southwesterner, who has been but three years upon the stage, and is best known from his connection with Kate Claxton's company and one of "Our Boarding-house" combinations, called attention to himself as the exponent of Lechard, an editor with marketable opinions for all kinds of people. Master Eyling made a quiet hit as a newsboy. The others, chief among them being Miss Maude Harrison and W. J. Lemoyne and J. B. Polk, were like Thorne himself most of the time—busily idle. The attendance, though much more than fair, has not uniformly been quite up to the standard of the opening week of a season.

"M'LISS," concerning which there has been so much litigation, was produced at Niblo's Garden Sept. 23, and ran during the week to a good average attendance. It was cast as follows: M'liss Smith, Miss Kate Mayhew; Yuba Bill, Charles J. Edmonds; Mrs. Smith, Miss Annie Ward Tiffany; Clytie Morpher, Miss Lottie Murray; Charles Greathouse, Frank Roche; Old Bummer Smith, James Smith, Simcoe Lee; Manuel Torres, F. A. Tannehill; Judge Snagsley, T. G. Riggs; Joe Morse, E. S. Williams; Jake Sloman, J. F. Peters; Jack Brown, H. Hogan; Wong Kee, J. E. Ince; William Morton, J. F. Hearn; Joe Morse, F. Harvey. Although the drama may be pronounced effective, it contains nothing new, its incidents having been hitherto fragmentarily seen in the numerous pieces which have been presented in the past as depicting life upon our Western frontier. It was creditably mounted and fairly acted. As to San Francisco, Cal., correspondent described the drama in detail when it was produced there, it would be a work of supererogation to repeat it. It should be stated that the original piece, as written by R. H. Cox, has since been supervised by Messrs. Green and Thompson of San Francisco. Miss Kate Mayhew, who acted M'liss when the drama was originally produced in Portland, Oregon, and later impersonated it in San Francisco, may be said to have achieved success, being quite happy in delineating the rough and uncouth manners of the ignorant girl whose heart is instinctively filled with goodness. Charles J. Edmonds, who has returned to this city after a long absence on the Pacific Coast, played Yuba Bill fairly—his dialect at times was somewhat uneven, yet when, after frequent repetition of the role, he shall have become thoroughly at ease in it, he will doubtless prove more satisfactory. Frank Roche was at times lacking in virility and vigor, but otherwise satisfied the requirements. Simcoe Lee as Old Bummer Smith proved himself to be a character actor of no mean ability by his skillful and natural portraiture of the sufferings of the slave of the demon of intemperance—later, when he was seen as James Smith, a twin brother of Old Bummer, he further exemplified his artistic skill; Frank Tannehill as the villainous Mexican, Manuel Torres, was in his element, and deserves credit for his earnest and faithful acting; T. G. Riggs had a "fat" part as Judge Snagsley, and not only extracted every bit of fun from it, but furnished considerable mirth-provoking material from his own brain; Annie Ward Tiffany's impersonation of Mrs. Smith was in every way praiseworthy; and Lottie Murray as the coquettish Clytie Morpher acted charmingly. The other characters were fairly acted, J. E. Ince giving prominence to Wong Kee, a Chinese servant, by his conscientious endeavors.

"BOUQUETS AND BOMBSHELLS," a new comedy adapted from "The Violet-eater (German) by J. W. Shannon, is to be produced at the Park Theatre Tuesday, Oct. 1, "Old Love Letters" and "Hurricanes" receiving their final representation S

ETTER, concerning amuse-
as under:

what was announced as James
Madelaine, the Woman of the
le, the Woman of the People,"
y. J. B Studley; Dr. Appiani,
Bassleres, Harry Coulter; Dr.
rne, N. D. Jones; Guillaume,
son; Marie, Miss Emmie Wil-
s Mary Carr; Marguerite, Miss
Miss Nellie Downing; Char-
times hard and mechanical, as
silence, as in the scene in her
's the loss of her hard earned
est. Edwin F. Thorne and J. B.
Bertrand and Robert, gave
rave some nice touches of a
umored and lighthearted, but
most artistic work was done
the crafty Italian, Dr. Appiani.
he was excellent, while his act-
polished. Harry Coulter has
his appearance in Boston as
ferd. Hight was rewarded with
acting in the latter scene in
ry was not overstrung, but
ubordinate characters, and
. N. D. Jones, T. N. Edwards,
Nellie Downing and Frederick
requisite to their slight du-
nsicely mounted, the scene of
eing excellent in its details,
the hill on the evening of 29, was
Nick of the Woods" and "Ben
Care and Lizzie Hunt appear-
Dolly Mayflower in the part,
mmie Wilmot as the Jibbe-
in the latter drama. Good-
een the rule.
Chanfrau and his com-
ally as his houses as ever be-
and this closing engagement is
e hold this drama having been
It is better acted, and the gen-
ual to any former production
on commences 30.—BOSTON
Boston Museum the last
s of the week, almost
ren, Miss Clarke and Mr. Hi-
rama will be made later in the
Poor Young Man" was given 28
y Son" is to be acted 30.
Melodeon is to be called, it is
Oct. 14, from Salsbury's Troubs.
Charles Waverly as Hubert, Adelaide Detchon as
Arthur, Henrietta Vaders as Lady Constance, and
Octavia Allen as Queen Elinor. The correspondence
The play received an additional interest from the fact
that it was the first time it had been presented in this
city within thirty years, and that it gave our public its
first opportunity of seeing the Manager Ford's new com-
pany in capital style. The play was well put on, the equip-
ments, properties and costumes were generally correct,
and the whole effect was fine throughout. Mr. Keene
made a fine success as Hubert, and established himself
as a favorite. Mr. Ahrendt acted the Cardinal excellently;
and delivered the anathema with fine effect. Mr.
Downing as King Philip did fairly, and the vast im-
provement since last season. Mr. Waverly as Hubert
was exceedingly forcible. In the second act the settlog
of the scene was most effective, and the acting of Mr. Bangs
was wellnigh perfect. In the third act Miss Vaders
acted the part of Lady Constance with great power, making
the grief of Constance the most successful leading lady Mr. Ford
has ever had in this city. In the fourth act Adelaide
Detchon as Arthur achieved a veritable triumph—from
first to last acting in the character with unerring truth
in all its delicate and pathetic features, with a subtle
knowledge of artistic method. The curtain falls upon a
splendidly groupod scene, and Mr. Bangs and the entire
company are to be called before the curtain. Little
Miss Shirley, the bank cashier, fairly divided the honors
with the leading character. A. Toriani Jr. diversified a
very satisfactory portrayal of the ardent lover with a
very fine accompaniment on the piano, which
won him a recall while his sweetheart, Miss Nellie
Boyd, by her arch and winsome acting, made a favor-
able impression. Mrs. E. K. Chester was greeted with
hearty applause as Jane Kirkland, the old maid.
Special mention deserves praise for the clear portrayal of
the colored servant, while F. D. Allen as Harry Anson the
journalist, and Rufus Scott as Silas Stanberry, satisfied the
requirements of their parts. Little
Miss Shirley is one of the best child actresses we
have ever seen. The setting, especially the third act, is
worthy of special mention, representing in the fore-
ground a villa on Staten Island, and in the background
the bay of New York. Mrs. Chanfrau closes on Sept. 30 as
Mrs. Hutton, and Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opens in "Kit"
Oct. 1.——At Hooley's Joseph Jefferson closed his three
weeks' engagement 28, "Rip Van Winkle" having run the
usual time, and business continuing good. Mr. Hacker
and his company have returned from a trip through
the West, and will open 30 in "Lost in London."——
Ford's Theatre the McKee Rankin Company in "The
Ill Fated" have been playing to fair houses. Mr. Rankin
"Jacques" is a specific artist, has provided some ex-
cellent scenery for the play, especially that in the first and
fourth acts. "The Dantes" will be continued another
week.——At Hooley's Miss Emma Vaughan's "Evangeline"
was well received by audiences altogether too large for
the comfort of the actors, who have generally
played all the week to slim houses.——At Ford's Grand
Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 23, and played to crowd-
ed houses the entire week. "Our Boys" was the piece, and
Parkyn Mackay as Owen Golightly achieved a success
equal to any of his previous plays. Harry Rainforth as Tal-
bot Champneys and George Hoey as Charles Middlewick
sustained their parts admirably. Laura Don made her
first appearance as Mrs. Melrose, and was well received.
Blanche Chapman as Mary Melrose dressed and acted the
part very nicely. M. Lanagan as Sir Geoffrey Champ-
neys and Mr. Gerrard as Mr. Chandler Kirk
played well. Belinda by Marie Booth, Kemp-
ster by John Atwell, and Poddles by John Vincher,
were cleverly given. This comedy was repeated 26; "Every-
body's Friend" and "The Spoiled Child" 27; "Our Male" Sept.
28; "Victims" and "Forty Winks" 25, "Solon
Shingle" (new version) and "Toodles" 27, "Dot" matinee
28, and "Paul Pry" and "Serious Family" evening. Mr.
Thomas D. Sturgeon, specific artist, has provided some ex-
cellent scenery for the play, especially that in the first and
fourth acts. "The Dantes" will be continued another
week.——At Hooley's Miss Emma Vaughan's "Evangeline"
was well received by audiences altogether too large for
the comfort of the actors, who have generally
played all the week to slim houses.——At Ford's Grand
Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 23, and played to crowd-
ed houses the entire week. "Our Boys" was the piece, and
Parkyn Mackay as Owen Golightly achieved a success
equal to any of his previous plays. Harry Rainforth as Tal-
bot Champneys and George Hoey as Charles Middlewick
sustained their parts admirably. Laura Don made her
first appearance as Mrs. Melrose, and was well re-
ceived.

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READ PRESS NOTICES:

The Dizzy Blondes drew another overflowing house last night, and the boys were delighted. A license was refused to the company last week in Indiana, and they were taken off the stage by the police on account of the shortness of their skirts and the plumpness of their limbs; but here in St. Louis the people are not so squeamish, and the more they see of the Blondes the better they like them. The singing and dancing were very good. To-night the Dizzies will give another show, and will introduce some new specialties.—**St. Louis Globe Democrat.**

May Fisk's Original English Blondes shook their flaxen curls and winked their twinkling eyes, for the first time in this city, at a packed house last night. They are good-looking, piquant, have sweet voices and dimpled cheeks, and captivated more than one of the thousand hearts that beat time under as many waistcoats to the music of their ditties and the patter of their feet. They appear to good advantage in the olio performance and in the quasi-burlesque "Our Naughty Girls," and the entertainment they provide meets with a favorable verdict. The specialty artists are pretty good in their way, and Bobby and Alice Daily in their sketches, Johnny Harris and Charley King, the funny musical tramps, the peerless Kitty Sanford in her songs-and-dances, and last, but not least, the Sanyeahs in their astonishing feats of equilibrium, are worthy of individual notice. The Blondes will hold forth nightly for the remainder of the week at the Comique. The old Comique fairly groaned last night with the sweltering mass of humanity who desecrated the Sabbath to see the Blondes. The Blondes bloom beautifully.—**St. Louis Evening Post.**

The theatre opened last night with the renowned English Blondes. The house was packed in every part, and the audience went wild with enthusiasm. The Blondes are the most voluptuous specimens of plumpness that ever appeared here.—**St. Louis Globe-Democrat.**

Miss May Fisk's English Blondes and Variety Troupe are playing a successful engagement at the Theatre Comique this week. The audiences are large and enthusiastic, and the success of the engagement seems assured.—**St. Louis Daily Times.**

Early in the evening the Metropolitan was jammed full of people, eager to hear what they could hear and see what they could see at the performance given by the May Fisk Blondes. Thirty-nine bald-headed men were present by actual count, exclusive of those who occupied seats in the upper gallery and were not enumerated. The various departments of our government—State, county and municipal—were well represented. The performance was of a general variety and semi-operatic character, and was received with rounds of applause from the audience. It may be proper to add that the old men present were there for the purpose of seeing whether or not the performance was of a suitable character to be witnessed by the rising generation.—**Indianapolis Journal.**

Miss May Fisk's troupe of English Blondes will appear at the Comique to-morrow evening. "Our Naughty Girls" and the Nine-pin Dance will be given on the opening night. These blondes are the most perfect in form and beautiful in feature of any troupe that has appeared here. They are excellent artists, besides, and some of them are superb vocalists.—**St. Louis Globe Democrat.**

Another crowded house greeted the English Blondes last evening, and these individual quintessences of burlesque beauty displayed their round limbs and very fair acting to the immense delight of their numerous patrons. They sing very well, and the burlesque of "Our Naughty Girls" is very nice, and captures the boys every time. The specialty artists are good, and the programme throughout is an attractive one. Some new features will be introduced to-night. The Blondes will again appear as "Our Naughty Girls."—**St. Louis Evening Post.**

How He Got a Reserved Seat.—He was a fine-looking old man. He looked like a deacon—one of those pillars of society whose example carries great weight. When he took off his plug-hat to wipe his head with his red-silk handkerchief, he exposed to view an honest scalp that needed no covering. He edged into the ticket-office, and stood near the plot of reserved seats for the Blondes. He glanced at it a moment in holy horror, and called for a copy of Baxter's "Saint's Rest." While the clerk turned his back to look for it, this good old man looked again at the plot and found No. 6 in the front row untaken. "Young man," said the pious old gent, "you need not look for that book. My eyesight is defective, but I observe that there is to be a concert here to-night for the benefit of May Fisk. I was well acquainted with her cousin, and for charity's sake I'll take a front seat, No. 6." And the old codger winked at the clerk and shelled out a dollar, got his pasteboard, put a nickle in the yellow-fever box, and meandered up street hunting oysters.—**Leavenworth Public Press.**

May Fisk's English Blondes are drawing tremendous houses, standing-room only being the order of things at the Theatre Comique last night. The entertainment introduced a sparkling burlesque known as "Our Naughty Girls," which, with the celebrated Nine-pin Dance, brought thunders of applause from the admiring audience. The same bill to-night.—**St. Louis Journal.**

May Fisk's English Blondes have made a decided hit at the Comique, and last night another large audience was in attendance, every seat in the house being taken and the lobbies well filled. The company is an exceedingly attractive one, and contains all the female beauty that could be asked for in an evening's entertainment. The programme is replete with good points, opening with a minstrel scene, followed by an olio, and closing with a laughable extravaganza called "Our Naughty Girls." The olio contains a number of meritorious acts by Bobby Daily, Kitty Sanford, the Sanyeahs, Capitola Forrest, Laura Bennett and Billy Wylie. Lovers of variety will find in the entertainment a rich treat.—**St. Louis Evening Dispatch.**

The bald-headed fraternity as well as "the boys" were well represented in the large audience at the Opera-house last night to listen to and witness the rendition of a delightful programme. The ingredients of the bill are void of that ultra variety which characterized Mme. Rentz's outfit, which appeared here a short time since, but partakes more of the genteel character, and is "chuck full" of spicy jokes, side-splitting burlesque and fine vocal renditions. The house will doubtless be crowded again to-night.—**Kansas City Times.**

May Fisk's Blondes, at the Opera-house last night, surprised their audience by giving an entertainment so much better than any previous troupe in the female variety line that has ever before appeared here. The songs were all new and the voices sweet and clear; costumes neat, and sufficiently ample to satisfy the demands of ordinary modesty—among men; dancing exceptionally good and unusually varied for a variety entertainment; and from first to last the audience, entirely masculine, was kept in the best of humor. May Fisk's Blondes are the prettiest and wittiest of the many female companies that have appeared here. They give another entertainment to-night.—**Kansas City Journal.**

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AT GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, O.,
By kind permission of C. A. Spalding, Esq.
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Of the familiar faces, foremost was that of Mr. George Morton, who as Paul Varney had a warm reception, and deserved it, as an old favorite and conscientious rising actor. We look for good work here.—ENQUIRER, Sept. 10.
.....The leading support was by Mr. George Morton, who appeared in the character of Paul Varney, a very pleasant and acceptable role, well rendered. Mr. Morton was quite easy and graceful in the character.—COMMERCIAL, Sept. 10.
.....Mr. Morton is a careful, conscientious actor.—GAZETTE, Sept. 10 .....Mr. George Morton is well known here, and was warmly received.—STAR, Sept. 10.
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ARCH-ST. THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 30 to Oct. 5.
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CHARLES W. FULLER

was born in Macedon, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1826. His first venture in the show business was speculating in tickets for Jenny Lind's concert in Syracuse, N. Y., which resulted so satisfactorily to himself that he accompanied her on her tour, continuing the business. He was next engaged to attend to the advertising and manage the business appertaining to what is technically called "the front of the house" with Franconi's Hippodrome, the first show of that kind to visit this country. The Franconi Hippodrome was located on the site of the Fifth-avenue Hotel, which had been previously occupied by a well-known music-house kept by Corporal Thompson. While the French company played here an American organization styled Franconi's Hippodrome took the road. The following Winter Mr. Fuller engaged the employment of P. T. Barnum at the old American Museum, corner of Broadway and Ann street. In the Spring of 1854, declining a renewal with Franconi, he joined Rivers & Parsons' Grecian Circus, organized in Philadelphia, of which "Old" Dan Gardner was the owner, and his wife the principal female rider. The Rivers Family were also leading attractions. He retained them in 1855, Mr. Fuller has a lively recollection of this season, which reminds him of Fred Coulduck's first experience in the business. During a tour of Maryland, they carried a shot-gun with them, and varied the fare of "hog and hominy" of the local inns by game shot by the roadside. One day, while on the way from New Hill to Princess Anne, the shot-gun in the advertising-wagon was by accident discharged, and Fuller received the contents of both barrels in the wrist and breast, severing a main artery and nearly costing him his life, as it was some three months before he rejoined "the brigade." It may be well to remark that at this time "box of bills," which would now be consumed by a moderately advertised exhibition in one day, did service for six days, and they were mostly tacked by necessitating the cutting of thousands of pieces of leather—a monotonous job, which filled up spare time on rainy days and Sundays after meeting. In the Spring of 1856, induced by better terms, he joined Jim Myers' great show, it being that energetic manager's last appearance in this country. A great outside attraction was a female ascensionist, who walked a wire from the ground to the apex of the canvas, in consequence of opposition with Joe Pentland's establishment, the erection of billboards or mammoth bulletins, now so much in vogue, was then unknown. Myers had since attained fame and fortune abroad. The next Spring (1857) Myers sailed with Howe & Cushing's Great American Circus, Mr. Fuller declining to accompany the exhibition. He remained here with the original Myers' outfit, which came into the possession of Nixon & Kemp. He continued with Nixon and his various partners until the Fall of 1860, fulfilling several Winter engagements in theatres. During this season P. T. Barnum became associated in the management, and Grizzly Adams and his bears, the Hanlon Brothers and Ella Zoyara were the chief attractions. During this year the circus prohibitory law in Connecticut was repealed, and business there was very large. Mr. Nixon being engaged in managing Niblo's Garden for a portion of the season, and for a portion of it thisCity, Mr. Fuller's time was occupied to help the retire of management of the circus. On John H. Heenan's return to America, after his unsatisfactory contest with Tom Sayers in England, he was engaged to give exhibitions for twelve weeks by Henry Wood, then a well-known minstrel manager. Some experimental exhibitions not resulting as favorably as had been expected, Mr. Fuller was engaged to take the management, which improved the business. The remainder of the season he was with the Hanlon Bros., who then brought out for the first time the feat called Zampilaerostation. Failing to secure an engagement for the tenting season of 1862 at the salary he demanded, he became the business-manager of Wood's Minstrels for one year. In 1863 he accepted the management of S. O. Wheeler's Circus, and the following year he entered for the first time the employment of L. B. Lent, whose circus was then located in Wallack's (old) Theatre, on Broadway, near the corner of Broome street, New York, and accompanied his Equescurriculum the next Summer on a Western tour. In 1865 he leased all of the privileges with Metkif's Champs Elysees Circus; but before the termination of the season locust-locse, and exhibited his curiosities independently. In the Autumn of 1865, L. B. Lent having purchased the Hippotheatron, on Fourteenth street, this city, an iron building erected by Mme. Macarte and James Cooke, Mr. Fuller again entered the employ of Mr. Lent, remaining through an uninterrupted period of seven years of remarkable prosperity. The show exhibited in this building during the Winter, and traveled during the Summer. In the Fall of 1872 he joined P. T. Barnum's World's Fair as advance manager, and arranged for the transportation of the monster shows organized by Messrs. Barnum & Coup until 1876, when he joined Cooper, Bailey & Co., whose show had now assumed proportions to warrant the employment of one who had shown ability in the direction of such mammoth institutions as the Hippodrome and "The Greatest Show on Earth." Cooper, Bailey & Co. crossed the Sierra Nevadas in four special trains, and won favor and fortune in the land of gold. In 1877 Mr. Fuller joined the London Show, which closed its season in Gilmore's Garden, this city, meeting with the most brilliant success that ever attended any similar exhibition here. During the season just closed he has been with W. C. Coup's Equescurriculum. Mr. Fuller possesses a fine physique, good health, and, having avoided the many temptations which beset the pathway of a showman's life, promises to be of good service for many years to come in his chosen vocation. He is at the head of Fuller's Detective Bureau, in this city, which during the Winter season monopolises his entire attention.

THE YELLOW-FEVER FUND.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE PROFESSIONS.

Below we present a list of the performances, so far as a record of them has reached us, given in behalf of the yellow-fever sufferers by the dramatic, variety, circus, minstrel and operatic professions, with the generous aid of amateurs. Although necessarily incomplete, it is yet a list of which these professions have every reason to be proud. THE CLIPPER is especially proud of the showing here presented, because it was foremost among newspapers in suggesting a series of performances in the different cities; and it is to be recorded that the suggestion was no sooner made than the good work was begun. Two days after we had written: "Who will take the initiative in the cause of Charity, Benevolence, Humanity?" the first entertainment of which we have any knowledge was given.

Aug. 25: Congress Hall, Saratoga, N. Y., concert by Marie Rose realized $465 .....

Aug. 26: Milford, Pa., concert by Sallie Reber, amount not stated.....

Aug. 27: Academy of Music, Baltimore, concert realized over $800.....

Aug. 28: Crone's City Garden, Indianapolis, not stated. .....Rochester (N. Y.) Opera-house, Wagner & Cotton's Knuzrels, $67.....Cumberland, Md., about this date, concert, $200.....

Aug. 29: Jamestown, N. Y., concert, $200 .....Ocean House, Long Branch, N. J., amateur and professional entertainment, $500.

Aug. 30: Thompson House, Lake Mahopac, N. Y., concert by Pittsford, Pa., concert, amount not stated. .....Milwaukee, Wis., Howe's London Circus, $1,575.....Alexandria, Mo., hop by employes of "Old" John Robinson's Circus, $260.50.

Aug. 31: Hotel, Saratoga, N. Y., concert by Marie Rose, amount not stated.....Quincy (Ill.) Opera-house, $80.....Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Clio Dramatic Club, about $400.

Sept. 2: Springer Hall, Cincinnati, concert, over $2,000. .....Zanesville, O., Helen D'Este's Dramatic Co., $280.40. .....Grand Opera-house, N. Y. (postponed from Sunday, 1st), standing realized.....

Sept. 3: Looloo Theatre, Cincinnati, O., not stated..... Quincy, Ill., "Old" John Robinson's Circus, $747.85.....Pat's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., readings by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, amount not stated.....Salsbury Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., amount not stated.....Auburndale, Ia., about this date, dramatic performance by St. Raphael's Society, about $75.

Sept. 4: Terre Haute (Ind.) Opera-house, about this date, concert, about $400.

Sept. 5: N. Y. City, Fifth-avenue Theatre, $1,428 60; Niblo's Garden, about $300; Theatre Comique, $145.55..... Tremont Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., amount not stated.....National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Dupret & Benedict's Minstrels, amount not stated.....Piqua Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Davenport Club, amount not stated.....Dayton, O., concert, $160.....Dubuque, Ia., concert, $600.

Sept. 6: Grand Rapids, Mich., Emil Franklin the elocutionist, amount not stated.....Philadelphia, Frankford Musical Dramatic Association, not stated.....Springfield, Mass., concert, $250.

Sept. 7: Indianapolis, concert by Russ Rifle Band, $48.75. .....Pittsburg, Pa., Lyceum, amount not stated.....Bismarck, D. T., Opera-house, amount not stated.....

Sept. 9: Brooklyn, N. Y., Park Theatre, $2,000.....New Chicago Theatre, Chicago, Ill., $220.25.....Buffalo, N. Y., concert, amount not stated.....

Sept. 10: Springfield, O., concert, about $100.....Stamford, Ct., concert, about $250.

Sept. 12: Columbia, Pa., Emerson's Minstrels gave ten cent. of receipts.....St. Joseph, Mo., Tootle's Opera-house, $300.....Kirkwood, Mo., Athenæum Hall, amount not stated.....

Sept. 11: Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass., $1,154.....Detroit Opera-house, $250.....Philadelphia, Pa., St. George's Hall, $500.....Philadelphia, Pa., Mecnnercher Hall, concert, amount not stated.....Boston, Mass., Temple, reading by Lowell Mason, $172.....Toledo, O., Opera-house, about this date, $300.....Philadelphia, Walnut-street Theatre, $485.....San Francisco, Cal., Platt's Hall, $304.65.

Sept. 13: California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., over $1,000.....Brooklyn Music Hall, N. Y., Paul Primer, amount not stated.....Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, $377.19.

Sept. 14: Detroit, Mich., New Coliseum Theatre, about this date.....Philadelphia, Pa., Enochs' Varieties, amount not stated.....Concert tendered Levy was given.....The same at Wheatland Theatre, Newark, N. J.....Springfield, Mass., Amateur Opera Club, $329.....Brooklyn, N. Y., Theatre, over $150.....Topeka, Kansas, Opera-house.....Portsmouth, O., Dramatic Tronoe, amount not stated.....Pa., Keystone Minstrels, $27.

Sept. 16: Morristown, N. J., Prof. White, savonant, donated 50 cents receipts.....Buffalo, N. Y., Shelby's Hall, amount not stated.....Providence, R. I., Coup's Equescurriculum, $438.50.....Nashville, Tenn., Grand Opera-house, Louise Pomeroy's Combination, amount not stated.....

Sept. 15: Chicago, Ill., McCormick Hall, concert by Annie Louise Cary and others, $2,044.....Bradford, Pa., Adelphi Opera-house, concert, $100.....San Francisco, Cal., Germania Theatre, not stated.....

Sept. 16: Baltimore, Md., Ford's Grand Opera-house, over $800.....Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre, about $800..... .....concert by Owl Club, amount not stated.....Lynn, Mass., Music Hall, concert, $602.50.....Providence, R. I., Opera-house, not stated.....Bridgeport, Ct., Beach's Hall, not stated.....East Saginaw, Mich., Germania Hall, concert, not stated .....Manchester, N. H., $1,325.....Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, Colored Dramatic Club, $182.75.

Sept. 17: Holyoke, Mass., concert, $110.....Bellair, Ohio, concert, about $450.....N. Y. City, Association Hall, concert by Louisiana Choristers (colored), about $1,000.....Haverhill, Mass., concert, amount not stated..... Lewis, Mo., Chamber of Commerce, concert, amount not stated.....San Francisco, Cal., St. Joseph's Hall, Dunne & Sullivan's Minstrels, amount not stated.....Covington, Ky., Odd Fellows' Hall, Acme Club, about $100.

Sept. 18: Boston, Mass., Music Hall, concert, $1,500..... .....Ky., Mrs. Rachel Macauley and company, amount not stated.....Boston, Mass., concert by Miss Kellogg, about $100.....Terre Haute, Ind. Opera-house, benefit.....Danville, Ill., not stated.....Atlanta, Ga., Fay Templeton Star Alliance, not stated. This organization has on several occasions contributed in various ways, but the particulars have not reached us.....St. Louis, Olympic Theatre, Mrs. D. F. Bowers, about $400. .....Cincinnati, O., Robinson's Opera-house, Shakspeare Club, amount not stated.....Indianapolis, Ind., Grand Opera-house, Knights of Father Matthew Dramatic Club, amount not stated.....Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, Braham Musical Club, $316.65.....Danville, Ill., Vermilion-street Opera-house, concert, $600.

Sept. 20: San Francisco, Cal., Mercantile Library Hall, amount not stated.....Stamford, Ct., Opera-house, amount not stated.....Bridgeport, Ct., Wilmshurst, amount not stated.....Boston, Mass., Waverly Hall, amount not stated.....New Haven, Ct., concert, $140.....San Francisco, Cal., Bella Union, not stated.....Edenburg, Pa., Clara Wildman and Dr. Carter, City, Trunity Church, organ recital Hack, 3b..... 0 2 1 1 3 2 Brown, s. s. 4 0 0 1 5 2 Carter, $558.....Sutherlin, Va., Danville Min- Brown, p..... 4 1 2 0 8 0 strels, concert, about $200.....Chincoothe, O., Masonic Hall, concert, Macey, c. f.. 4 0 0 0 0 0 Giordan, p.. 4 0 2 1 1 1 over $300.....Danville, Ill., Opera-house, White, 1b.... 4 2 1 9 1 0 performance, amount not stated.....

Sept. 21: N. Y. City, Booth's Theatre, $2,350..... Cincinnati (Grand) Club, amount not stated.....Covington, Ky., Odd Fellows' Hall, choral concert, not stated.....

Sept. 22: Pittsburg, Pa., Lyceum, sacred concert, Adah Richmond Combination, about $25.....New York City, Lodge of B. P. O. Elks contributed $250.....St. Paul, Minn., Athenæum, mixed entertainment, $102.

Sept. 23: N. Y. City, Gilmore's Garden, Volunteer Fire Department Concert, $5,461.60.....Philadelphia Mennerchor Society, concert, not stated.....Savannah, Ga., olio performance, about $314.....Lowell, Mass., about this date, amateur minstrel performance, realizing nearly $200.

Sept. 24: Plainfield, N. J., concert, amount not stated. .....Trenton, N. J., not stated.....About this date the Jubilee Comedy Company, while in Grand Rapids, Mich., donated proceeds of one entertainment, amount not stated.

Sept. 25: Louisville, Ky., Opera-house, not stated..... Brooklyn, N. Y., Lyceum, Armenian Dramatic Association, $200.....Baltimore, about this date, dramatic performance by Wednesday Club, about $1,200.

Sept. 26: Brooklyn, N. Y., Athenæum, Philomethean Society, not stated; Brooklyn Music Hall, Miss Maud Giles' Concert, not stated.....Dayton, O., Association Hall, a branch of the Hutchinson Family were announced to give a concert.

Sept. 27: Atlanta, Ga., Beethoven Society, concert, amount not stated.....Haverhill, Mass., concert, $340.

Sept. 28: Philadelphia, Academy of Music, $4,803.42..... Cincinnati, Music Hall, about this date, something like $800.

Sept. 29: Boston, Mass., Turn Hall, concert by Germania Band and Turner Orchestra, amount not stated. .....Salem, Mass., Mechanics' Hall, $130.

Oct. 1: Philadelphia, International Exhibition, amount not stated.

Oct. 2: Camden, N. J., Opera-house, reading by Miss Edith Webb, amount not stated.

Oct. 4: Philadelphia, Association Hall, concert by La Lyre Society, amount not stated.....Rochester, N. Y., Comedy Club, not stated.

Oct. 13: New York City, Haymarket Theatre, Sunday-night concert, amount not stated.

Oct. 14: For two weeks up to this date J. H. Huntley's Dramatic Company, traveling South, donated ten per cent. of their gross receipts.

Oct. 15, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lyceum Hall, amount not stated.

Oct. 18: San Francisco, Cal., Mechanics' Pavilion, regimental concert, amount not stated.

Oct. 23: New York City, Wallack's Theatre, amount not stated.

BASEBALL.

THE PRIZE TOURNEY.
Alaska vs. Hudson.
A Serious Accident.

The first match of the tourney in which the Hudsons of Brooklyn and the Flyaway and Alaska Clubs of New York have entered in a contest for a purse of $100 and a silver ball was commenced on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on Oct. 22, the first teams to enter the list being the new nines of the Hudson and Alaska Clubs. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the attendance numerous, while the match itself proved to be quite up to the League or International standard, as the score shows. The Hudsons presented the same team as played in the metropolitan tourney, with the exception of the substitution of Marsland of the Witokas as catcher in the place of Joe Farrell, the latter being unable to play any more, on account of business. The Alaska team, however, was a combination nine, including Larkin and Hankinson of 1876 and 1877, besides four of the Hudsons of Hudson, and others not original Alaskas, but four of the latter playing in the team. The contest was close up to the fifth inning, in which the Alaskas made their winning runs, the score standing as follows at the end of that inning. In the sixth blanks were scored by both nines, and in the seventh each added two runs to their score, the Alaskas still leading, this time by a 5 to 2. In the eighth inning the Hudsons added a single to their score, and, blanking their adversaries, tied the score—3 to 3. The contest now became quite exciting, as the play was first-class, and each nine was using their best to win. The game ended in favor of the Hudsons were disposed of for a blank, and then the Alaskas went in to win. Two men were on bases, with one man out, when Rice hit a high ball to left-centre field, which R. Smith ran in and both runs for. No call was made for one or the other to take the ball, or, if it was, it was not heard amidst the applause following the hit. At any rate, R. Smith had no sooner caught the ball than, almost simultaneously, McCord collided with him, and, being the shorter man, his head struck Smith's jaw with such force as to lay the flesh open, besides knocking him senseless, McCord falling on the ground by the shock that he did not know what he was about. Taking unfair advantage of the accident, Larkin ran round the bases and scored a run, the umpire not only failing to decide the ball as caught, but also to call "Time," as he should have done the moment he saw the accident occur By this means two runs were scored which the Alaskas were not morally entitled to, the umpire failing to discharge his duty on the occasion. The injured players were removed to their respective homes, and temporary substitutes replaced them until the inning's play was finished.

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b..	0	1	1	6	3
Marsland, c.....	0	0	3	0	4
Raleigh, 3d b...	1	1	0	1	0
Schenck, p.....	1	1	0	1	4
Putnam, s. s...	0	0	2	0	0
Williams, p....	0	0	2	1	0
Hamilton, 3d b	0	0	2	0	2
Kelleher, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Page, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Foley, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, r. f..	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.....	2	4	13	12	15

ALASKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hankinson, r. f	0	0	0	2	0
Kippschlager, c	0	0	7	1	1
Larkin, c. f....	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, 1b.....	0	0	14	0	0
Conner, l. f....	0	0	2	0	1
Driscoll, p.....	0	0	1	5	1
Mahn, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	2
Keenan, c.....	0	0	2	6	0
Say, s. s.....	0	0	1	0	0
Rocap, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0
Critchley, p....	0	0	0	7	0
Totals.....	1	1	27	21	5

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Hudson.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	3
Alaska.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	3	6

First base by errors—Hudson, 2; Alaska, 2. Runs earned—Hudson, 2; Alaska, 0. Umpire, Mr. Booth. Time, 1h. 40m.

A severe storm prevailed on Oct. 23, rendering it impossible to resume the tourney, and the blowing-down of a portion of the fence the same day obliged a postponement of the game appointed for the 24th, both games being set down for Nov. 2, 3.

PROVIDENCE vs. ALBANY.

The last regular game of the season at Albany, N. Y., took place Oct. 21 between the Albany and Providence Clubs, the result being the defeat of the former by poor judgment by Quinton of a fly to centre, which he allowed to go over his head, giving the Providence two runs, and an overthrow by Burns, with a like result, doing the business for the home nine. Aside from this, it was a splendid game on the part of the Albanys, their fielding being well-nigh perfect, and their batting generally, though not heavy, was fully equal to that of their opponents in the matter of base hits. Hanlon fielded magnificently, putting out no fewer than seven men, while Critchley and Keenan played their positions for all they were worth. For the visitors, Ward's pitching, the first-base play of Murnan, Brown's catching and Higham's batting were the features. Quinton and Tobin showed up well at the bat for the Albanys, they being credited with a three and a two base hit respectively. Attendance, 2,000.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0
York, l. f....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Brown, c.....	4	0	0	10	0	0
Hines, c. f...	4	0	1	2	0	0
Cary, s. s....	4	1	1	0	5	0
Murnan, 1b....	4	0	0	9	1	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
McGeary, 2b	4	1	0	2	0	4
Ward, p.....	4	1	2	1	7	1
Totals.....	37	5	8	27	19	7

ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	4	0	1	4	3	1
Dunlap, 2d b	4	1	1	2	2	0
Hanlon, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Tobin, 1st b.	3	0	2	7	0	0
Quinton, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Keenan, c.	5	0	2	6	0	1
Say, s. s....	5	0	1	0	2	0
Rocap, r. f..	4	0	0	2	0	0
Critchley, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0
Totals.....	37	2	8	27	12	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Providence.....	0	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	0	5
Albany.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2

First base on errors—Providence, 1; Albany, 4. Balk called—on Ward, 17; on Critchley, 16. Two base hits—Tobin, 1; Higham, 1. Three-base hits—Quinton, 1; Higham, 1. Umpire, Mr. Daniels. Time, 2h.

The game closed the playing there for the season. It has been a highly successful one, and the directors of the Albany Club have, it is said, a surplus of five thousand dollars in their treasury. Considering that the club has been organized but little over two months, and that, besides the expense of the players, it cost at least $2,000 to put the grounds in order, this result is very satisfactory, and proves that baseball properly managed is a popular and profitable amusement in Albany. Additional improvements will be made in the grounds before next season opens. The entire share of the Albany Club in the game of Oct. 21, amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, was, through the kindness of the directors, divided among the players. The following have signed for next year: Critchley, Keenan, Tobin, Dunlap, Burns, Say, Rocap, Quinton and Hanlon, composing the present nine; and Thomas, late of the Rochesters, to catch in place of Foley, who retires. Wm. H. Arnold is re-engaged as manager. It is rumored, and we are inclined to credit the same, that Albany will have another club in the field next season. It is said that several gentlemen, among the financial success of the present organization, have engaged Arthur Cummings to act as manager of the new team, and that he is now busy perfecting arrangements.

BUFFALO vs. CHICAGO.

A very good exhibition game was played by the clubs above named at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 21. It was marked by a number of fine double-plays and excellent catches by Eggler and others.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGon'e, r. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Allen, 3d b..	4	0	0	0	3	1
Eggler, c. f..	4	0	0	3	0	0
Dolan, c.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Fulmer, 2b....	3	0	0	6	1	0
Libby, 1b....	3	0	0	10	0	0
Hornung, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Force, s. s...	3	0	0	1	3	0
Galvin, p....	3	1	0	1	1	1
Totals.....	31	2	2	27	14	3

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Start, c.....	4	0	0	3	1	0
Reis, p.....	4	0	0	0	3	0
Anson, 3d b.	4	0	1	0	2	2
Ferguson, 2b.	4	0	0	5	3	0
Hatfield, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Powers, l. f.c.	4	0	2	3	1	1
McClellan, s. s	3	0	0	1	2	1
Remsen, 1b.	3	0	2	15	0	2
Totals.....	34	0	9	27	13	7

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Buffalo.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2
Chicago.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Two-base hit—Start, McClellan. First base on errors—Buffalo, 6; Chicago, 2. Double-plays—Harbidge and Start, Ferguson and Start, Ferguson, Fulmer and Libby. Umpire, William Crowley of Buffalo. Time, 1h. 25m.

A good game was played Oct. 22, when the Buffalos were again successful.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGonigle, rf	4	0	3	3	1	1
Allen, 3d b..	4	0	1	1	2	0
Eggler, c. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0
Dolan, c.....	4	1	0	4	0	0
Mack, 2b....	4	1	0	0	5	0
Libby, 1st b..	4	0	1	15	1	0
Hornung, lf	4	0	1	3	1	0
Force, s. s..	4	1	2	3	3	1
Galvin, p....	5	0	2	0	3	0
Totals.....	37	4	11	27	16	7

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cassidy, lb.	4	0	0	12	0	0
Start, l....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Harbidge, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Anson, 3b..	4	1	1	2	2	2
Ferguson, 2b	4	0	1	5	5	0
Reis, p.....	4	0	0	0	4	2
McClellan, ss	4	0	0	1	6	0
Remsen, c....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	35	1	7	27	17	5

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Buffalo.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4
Chicago.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1

Earned runs—Buffalo, 2. Two-base hits—Powers, Galvin. First base on errors—Buffalo, 5; Chicago, 5. Double-plays—Force and Libby; McClellan, Ferguson and Cassidy. Umpire, W. Crowley of Buffalo. Time, 2h.

CENTRAL vs. BRATTLEBORO.

The decisive game for the championship of Vermont between the Central and Brattleboros was played at Claremont, N. H., Oct. 16, and was won by the Centrals through bad errors of the Brattleboros at a critical point of the game. Driscoll and Bergh, late of the Holyokes, added greatly to the strength of the Centrals. The features of the game were the effective pitching and heavy batting of Williams, and the second-base playing of Kelleher of the Brattleboros, and a difficult fly-catch of Cannon of the C.'s.

BRATTLEBORO.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Manning, 1st b.	0	1	14	1	1
Donald, c.....	1	1	3	10	4
Putnam, s. s...	0	1	1	0	1
Williams, p....	0	2	1	6	0
Hamilton, 3d b	0	0	2	0	2
Kelleher, 2d b.	1	2	5	3	1
Page, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Foley, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, r. f..	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.....	3	8	27	21	9

CENTRAL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Taylor, 1st b...	0	1	13	0	1
Bergh, c.....	1	0	7	8	1
Conner, l. f....	0	0	1	1	0
Driscoll, p.....	0	0	1	5	1
Mahn, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	2
Hall, c. f.....	1	3	0	0	0
Pollard, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0
H. Maloney, 2b	1	1	3	1	2
Totals.....	3	5	27	15	7

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Brattleboro.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	3
Central.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	4

Earned runs—Brattleboro, 2. Two-base hits—Williams, Page. Umpire, G. W. Williams. Time, 1h. 30m.

PHŒNIX vs. TAMAQUA.

An interesting game was played at Mahanoy City Oct. 21 between the Phœnix Club of Mahanoy City and the Tamaqua Club, which resulted in a victory for the Phœnix boys by a score of 9 to 4. The Tamaquas could not do anything with Jim Foley's curve-pitching, nineteen men striking out, Broummilles and Brislin supporting him in fine style. King (of the Star Club) played right field for the Phœnix and led at the bat for his side, he having two safe hits. Dolphin did some good base-running for the Phœnix. Bark pitched well for Tamaqua, but he was poorly supported behind the bat.

TAMAQUA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Fulmer, c.....	1	1	11	11	
Bark, p.....	0	0	1	0	
Sassawar, s. s....	0	1	2	1	
Steegwalt, 2d b..	0	0	2	2	
Homan, 1st b.....	0	0	1	1	
Donahue, c. f....	1	1	1	0	
Stahler, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	
Cox, 3d b.....	1	0	0	2	
Sagoluse, l. f....	1	0	2	0	
Totals.....	4	4	27	17	

PHŒNIX.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Broummilles, c., s. s.	0	1	11	2	
Jim Foley, p.....	1	1	2	0	
Smith, 1st b.....	2	2	4	1	
McCall, 2d b.....	0	0	1	3	
McCoog, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	
Brislin, s. s., c....	1	1	8	1	
King, r. f.....	2	2	0	0	
Dolphin, c. f.....	3	2	1	0	
Foley, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	
Totals.....	9	11	27	4	

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total:
Phœnix.....	1	0	2	2	0	1	0	0	3	9
Tamaqua.....	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	4

Umpire, Phil Barry. Time, 2h.

EAGLE vs. RENO.

These San Francisco, Cal., clubs played a match Oct. 6, the Eagles winning by two runs, in the manner below shown:

EAGLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Walker, 1b..	5	2	0	0	1	1
Piercy, c....	5	0	2	9	0	1
Keating, 2b.	4	0	1	2	0	2
Davis, s. s..	6	1	1	1	2	0
Denny, l. f..	5	1	1	5	0	0
Hack, 3b....	5	0	2	1	3	2
Brown, p....	4	1	2	0	8	0
Macey, c. f..	4	0	0	0	0	0
White, 1b...	4	2	1	9	0	1
Totals.....	42	7	10	27	14	6

RENO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Bigelow, 3b.	5	1	1	0	1	1
Britt, r. f....	5	0	1	1	0	1
Hennessy, cf.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Carroll, lb...	5	0	0	6	0	1
Burns, 2b...	4	2	1	6	1	2
Brown, s. s..	4	0	0	1	5	2
Irwin, c.....	4	2	1	9	4	1
Riordan, p...	4	0	2	1	1	1
Cadogan, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	40	5	7	27	15	9

First base on errors—Eagle, 7; Reno, 4. Umpire, Dr. Ashley. Time, 2h. 15m.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB.

The best baseball city of the West, after three years of unsuccessful experiment in professional club management, has at last taken the right path again, as in 1868 and '69. On

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 3 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 28.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Archer, Lottie
Abbott, Nellie
Bryant, Nellie
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Nellie
Bostell, Carrie
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Bell, Kittie (vocalist)
Brown, Josie
Croker-Bretto, Emma
Bryce, Alice
Birch, Hannah
Burritt, Florence
Bic
Clifford, Florence
Collins, Mrs. M. W.
Clarence, Lizzie
Claflyle, Ida
Cavill, Blanche
Dillon, Fannie
Davenport, Fannie
Delaney, Lu-lu (2)
Dashield, Mlle.
Dixon, Blanche
Dean, Lillie
Dean, Eugenie
Eyclet, Mrs.
Emerson, Dollie
Emerson, Mrs. W.
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Florentine, Lillie
Fenderson, Juliette
Freeman, Ada
Florence, Mrs. Geo. A.
Forshaw, Pauline
Gleason, Alice (vocalist)
Gardner, Marie & Hall
Grayson, Helen
Gleason, Lillie
Hall, Mrs. Chas.
Hermann, Mrs. Alex. (2)
Harvey, Mrs. H.
Herring, Fannie
Hill, Marian
Hall, Mrs. Fannie E.
Hosmer, Jean
Howe, Lillie
Hall, Marie (vocalist)
Howitt, Bella
Hayne, Mrs. E. M. (2)
Hendricks, Emma
Ilferd Sisters
Johnston, Minnie
Kuneas, Mrs. Nelson
Leland, Emma
Leigh, Miss G. (care M. Leavitt) Sc.
Lee, Mrs. Georgie
Leo, Conchita
Linton, Ethel
La Monde, Alfie (2)
Livingston, Mrs. A. J.
Levoy, Margarett (costumer)
Leon, Lillie
Little Dot (vocalist), etc. (2)
Lavelle, Eugenie
Loans, Josie
Moore, Eunice
Mestri, Eugenie (of A. Richmond's Co.)
Moorn, Clara
Morgan, Anna (2)
McEntyre, Mrs. Lizzie
Mendel, Mrs. Leonie 6c.
McCain Sisters
Moore, Laura
Markley, Edna
Markham, Pauline
McDowell, Katie
Marshall, Florence
Mc.
Murray, Mrs. Alice
Melville, Emily 6c.
Melvey, Lizzie (2)
Mulvey, Mrs. Wm.
Oates, Jennie
Pascoe, Marie
Pilmsoll, Flora
Prestige, Fannie
Pomeroy, Louise
Price, Bijou
Pierce, Emma
Raymond, Ida
Revere, Maggie
Rosa, Lydia
Rosemary, Texana
Rallia, Grace
Richmond, Lizzie
Richmond, Adah (2)
Rhinehart, Mrs. S.
Richmond's Co., Manager Adah (2)
Swain, Mrs. S. C.
Smith, Sarah
Starr, Susie
Schott, Angie 5c.
Swift, Sall e 5c.
Satterlee, Jennie
Shepard, Delia
Shadelle, Mrs. F.
Stanley, Blanche
St. Felix, Madam
Seymour, Madge F.
Sanford, Lou
Sherwood, Hattie (with Ghost Show)
Theo, Josie E.
Tracy, Marian
Turnour, Jennie
Tournour, Hepsey
Vauderen, Mrs. (of Knight's Co.)
Van Zant, Mrs. Millie
Violetta & Holland Bros.
Vernon, Beatrice
Vern, Emma
Wentworth, Carrie
Wallack, Mrs. J. H.
Wilson, Cora (2)
Wyman, Lu-lu
Weber, Lina
Wright, Nora
Woods, Annie (vocalist) (2)
Wright, Miranda
Wallace, Delilah (vocalist)
Wallace, Maggie
Yeamans, Lydia
Zoe, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, W. W.
Arlington, J. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Allen, John (misc. 'bil Stem)
Abeno, E. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Arizona, Chas.
Anderson, Chas. (magician) (2)
Anthony & Parsons
Avery, Frank
Anderson, Prof.
Arober, C. (of Stetson's Co.)
Agnew, C. (2)
Atkins, C. M.
Arnold, Wm.
Addlee, Mr.
Brooks, Ellis
Beuton, Chas.
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wood)
Barr, O. H.
Brown, Ben
Boucicault, Dion
Budd, C. B. (comedian)
Brown, Ed.
Boret, W. H.
Brooks, Lew
Batcheller, W. H.
Benford, Saml. Ilc.
Bean, W. H.
Burke, J. E. M.
Bathersby, John
Berry, Green
Bryant & Manning (2)
Brown & Barnes (2)
Byron (2)
Beeke, Geo.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bonent, Ed. (comedian)
Bruuo, Gus
Burgess, C. A. & H.
Bean, Frank
Blind Tom's Manager
Burns, Chip
Brant, Frank
Bratton, John
Bryan, W. H.
Bogardus, Capt. A. H.
Chenet, Joe
Conway, Neil
Cargent, Ed.
Cote, W. W.
Clapham, H. J.
Clifford, Edwin
Castello, J. H.
Cody, W. F. (2)
Carlton, Frank
Crupini, Leo
Cooke, J. C. (of Anderson's Circus
Clarke, Goldie
Cummings & Hines
Collins, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Cooke, L. E. (2)
Collins, G. W.
Campbell, Willie
Clark, Gus B.
Coulter, Chas.
Clarke, Harry (of Lottie Comb)
Clifford, Harry
Comp, H. A.
Campbell, R. C. (2)
Cox, E. B.
Corcoran, W. M.
Cunningham, Arthur
Clancy, Steve
Curry & Hall
Cottage, Ben
Cummings & Hines
Dumont, Frank
Dailey, C. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Dockstadter, Chas.
Duncan, C. H.
Denier, Chas.
Doty, J. A. (2)
Dayton, Tommy
Decatur, W. T.
Dunaway, T.
Dykeman, Ed.
Davenport, Jas.
Dreyer, John
Daly, Bobby
Davidge, Jr., Wm.
Dibelo, Prof.
D'Arcy, W.
Dodge, Ben
Evans, Jas. E.
Edwards, Prof. H.
Emidy, Jas.
Emerson, M. (of Em. & Clark)
Edmonds, Chas.
Evans, J. D.
Edgerly, L. S.
Eugene, — (late Eugene & Malcom)
Foster, A. J.
Florence, Wm. 6c.
France, Sydney
Fortenguth, A. (2)
Fagan, B. J.
Freise, A. (2)
Frey, Chas. (comedian) (2)
Fields & Hanson (2)
Favore, Ed. (Irish "biz")
Fash, G. W (2)
Fowler, T. B.
Flint, Corinne
Forden, Dr. W. B.
Gallagher, M. A.
Goshen, Col.
Geyer, C.
Geyer, F.
Goodwin, Jr., N.C
Grant, Russell
Gilmore, S.
Gilbert, Jas. M.
Garland, J. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Gray, Robt.
Grover, Leonard
Gibson, F. (of Forbe's Co.)
Gaylord, E. A.
Granger, Thos.
Goodall, J. N.
Groves, F. M.
Gooding, John
Gardner, Albert
Goodwin, Sr., N.C. (2)
Haley & West
Holmes & Wert
Holmes, John W.
Howe, F. K. 6c.
Hogan, John (minst. "biz")
Himat, Spaff
Hawley, Dave
Hildreth, Frank
Hamilton, W (of A. Richmond's Co.)
Harvey, E. H.
Hepp, Jos.
Hill, Jas. S.
H. S. K. (2)
Hurley & Marr
Heller, Robt.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros &c.
Hart, H.
Hinsull, John Mc.
Knight
Hassell, J.
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Hawley, D. R.
Honaldo, H.
Russell, S. S.
Retlaw & Alton
Raymond, Chas. (2)
Raymond & Murphy
Rickaby, Geo. S.
Reil, Alfred
Richards, J. M. (banjoist)
Rice, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Rhinehart, S.
Rogers, Geo. W.
Richmond, Jas. F.
Suydam, Frank
Stevens, W. O'Dale
Scott, Geo.
Sevets, Ch. (of Cole's Circus)
Stanley, B. 5c.
Sands, Eddie
Shull, W. A.
Stutbgen, Frank
Sanford, H. L. (2)
Stevens, John A.
Stetson, E. T. (3)
Sivalls, Chas.
Seaman, Frank
Schwartz, Atoneo ghowles, J. J.
Stones, Alonzo
Scott, Wm.
uttson, Geo.
ullivan, M. (of Williams & Sull.)
Smith, E. C.
Sands, Ike
Sprague, D. J.
Sadler, Thos.
Spear, Andy
Smith & Byrne
Stuebgen, Frank
Solls Bros.
Smith, ——, M. (of R. bbins' Circus)
Sanders & Landis
Sands, Eddie
Sloane, Wm.
Sanders, Ward, Ryan & Emmett
Thompson, J. C. (of Foy & Thomp.)
Thompson, Erick (2)
Twitchell, Jas.
Thompson, Jeff
Tannehill, F. A.
Tompkins, John
Turner, Geo. W.
Train, Geo. Francis
Turner, Tommy
Turner, John M. (banjoist)
Tinkham, Joe
Tousey & Quinn 6c.
Tuzzone, Mr. 10c.
Tucker, J. A.
Tayleure, C. W. (2)
Terschak, Herr. 10c.
Tyler, G. H.
Urabe, Algernon
Urine
Varian, Isaac U.
"Variety Theatre" (2)
VanDamburgh & Co.
Wingfield, John
Washburn, Frank
Warren, Wm.
Woodson, Harry
Wood, W. B.
Watson, Fred (2)
Woodville, Jas. (2)
Weber, Wm. F.
Weames, Billy
Wilcox, Frank
Wingate, Saml.
White, Fred. (with Spaulding)
Wills, Fred
White, C. E.
Witherell, J. M.
Waite, J. R.
Williams, C. J.
Wordell, Frank
Williams, Peter (caddy "biz")
W. B. R.
Wentworth, Harry
Wagner, Cal.
Washburn, E. S.
Worland, Eddie 6c.
Young, J. T.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING PAPERS remain in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: Nette Bros. (2), Harrison, Ida Glover, Hank Hark, Thos. Reid and James Hall.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Toledo (O.) Post-office for "Punch" Homan, care Mirror of Ireland, and Prof. Dorvox.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 28, '78.

There were various influences at work during the past week to draw attention from the theatres and concentrate it on other classes of metropolitan entertainments and phases of great human interests. Prominent and most potent of all in its effect on our regular places of amusement may be mentioned the great Cathedral Fair, which opened on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, and which, up to Saturday night inclusive, had been visited, it is computed, by seventy thousand persons. Thousands of this great army of sight-seers were drawn away from the theatres, the opera, and other permanent houses of public resort. The fair is a great success, and the fair ones with the golden and other locks who are to be seen in attendance at the different bazars which go to make a grand display of art and the industries of the world are by no means the least attractive of the beautiful features of the Cathedral exhibit. It is estimated that on Saturday evening last the attendance attained the colossal proportions of fifteen thousand, and "the free-list totally suspended." So those managers who viewed the sunday attendance at their own houses will understand how to account for the shrinkage in business, and the corresponding tightness in the financial department. There can be no question about it—the fact stands out boldly that the church exhibition sadly interfered with the dramatic and kindred performances, for the past theatrical and kindred performances, for the past week was an off "un with several uptown establishments, while "Two Orphans" are forecast in the down-town region of the Bowery slope.....

Our usual joy was turned into deep sorrow one day during the past week in having our attention called to the details of a hostile encounter between a dramatic critic and an active agent resident in this city. "We" seem to have been reckless enough to be inhuman agent, who planted his dexter and sinister mawleys all over our exposed and defenseless frontispiece, and made it impossible for us to appear before the object of our adoration for three several nights, raw oysters and equally raw beef-steaks called upon to allay the smarts and stings of an injured diaphragm while we were in enforced retirement. It is sarewdly surmised that other than the pernicious agent had a hand or two in the assault upon us, and this sad recital of a prize encounter between gentlemen of an esthetic turn of mind fills us with mortification and distrust. Those whose province it is to "hold the mirror up to nature," and whose mission is peace and good-will to men outside of the pale of the critical world, feel very sore over the result of this emeute, and have caused the wicked trespasser upon their inalienable rights to furnish bail to answer at court.....We have received a tender piece of poetry dedicated to one of the existing female operatic vocalists, and we should be pleased to give it a place in our widely-circulated journal were it not that the gentle composer, in his enthusiasm, alleges that the timbre of her high notes is like unto that of the clarionet, while the depths of her magnificent organ are only equaled by the low and reverberating tones of the bass-drum. These are fatal defects: otherwise the lines are of a far higher order than those of "Whoa, Emma!" or "My Grandfather's Clock."

.....Yes, it was kind in Mr. Bird to volunteer his services for Genevieve Ward's benefit. A gentleman who has scored as many bull's-eyes and centers as he has ought to make a hit without much exertion. And then Aranza—Mr. Bird played Aranza, you know—that is a character admirably fitted for the legal temperament. Altogether, the occasion was one which justifies a turn or two at the machine:

A PLIGHT IN HONOR OF BIRD.
Because of a Ward he played,
Nor wished to be rewarded,
This bird who bravely essayed
The wings which were freely accorded;
And should the question rise
What bird he is, why, then, sir,
Let the answer be on the stage,
He most resembled a wren, sir!*

(* This is very good as it stands, but it would be better if the Duke's name in "The Honeymoon" were Arenza (a-wren-air) instead of Aranza. However, it is no fault of ours that the name fails to meet the exigencies of the case. The pun is all right, and that is as far as our responsibility extends.—ED.).....Although we have been bereft of Theodore Thomas, have we not gained a more Aptommas in the genial harpist who is to give us a musical lecture to-morrow evening? And we would add that, while you listen to the sweet and mellifluous strains he evokes from his wiry instrument, you might imagine that "the player on a harp of a *thousand* strings," so many is his touch and so often his manipulations....."Our Jim" wants to know the object of all those sympathy concerts he sees advertised in the daily papers; whether they are for the benefit of any particular class of sufferers, etc. The sympathies of our readers are asked in behalf of this "heathen in his blindness."".....Dear Brother Talmage having favored us with his experience of the "Night-side of Life in New York," another Samuel woke to the necessities of the occasion, and yesterday gave us his views of the "Day-side o' New York Life." This concord of sweet sounds was delivered by Rev. Samuel Colcord. The other phases of this many-sided subject will find suitable exponents in good season. Let us be thankful for what has so far been vouchsafed to us....Brother Henderson of the Standard announces "*Almost* a Life." We may be pardoned for saying that Fritz Emmet gave our managerial friend a new lease of life when he commenced his present brilliant engagement at the Standard.....When horses run away with actresses we think a better understanding should be had so as not to bring the narrow escapes so close together, because in a multiplicity of calamities one is always sure to detract from the interest of another, and so the general effect is lost.....Some managers were obliged to club people away from their doors last week. In sooth, had the thing been at all feasible, managers would by no means have laid themselves open to censure had they essayed to club people forward....We are a bit worried about Moody and Sankey, now that they are separated. Will they be able to go it alone in the stand they have taken, or will one be eventually called upon to assist the other?.....The great storm of Oct. 23 showed what we are capable of in the way of natural water-effects. And so, emulating the outside events which that night transpired, "Around the Earth" has developed a real Lake, while Niblo's Garden is only satisfied with a perfect "Deluge!".....To be consistent, "Our Jim," who finds great difficulty in getting above the first round in his great ladder feat, now *eats backward*—that is, he begins at the last dish in his dinner bill of fare, and ends at the first. He says that he assures us, is the happiest and the easiest task of a weary life.....While Niblo's Garden seems to be revivifying under the genial rays of—genial rays—while the genial rays of—any how, while the old dramatic temple is on the up-grade once more, that other establishment farther down Broadway—and belonging to the same estate—Stewart's wholesale dry goods store, at Eighth street—is soon to be "left," and the trade thereof, at least what is left of it, is to be transferred to the uptown house. If the ground was not encumbered by such a colossal structure, the site would answer very well for a circus for a stand of a few days; but even fears that such timbers of the law will take possession of the building and the retirement of the House of Stewart.....We must have fallen upon evil times when even the giants of our age are subjected to robbery. There was Barnum's big man, for example. He had laid up his treasures where thieves break through and steal—viz., New Jersey—and he might have lost all his jewels and the thing been quiet, had he not been captured. The giant, whose everyday name is John Bass, will not stand this sort of thing much longer. That thought inspires us to sing:

BEWARE!
What reckless Lilliputians dare
To rob our Giant Bass!
Fee-fo-fi-fum! Let all beware,
For, though he seemeth plant,
If once he get his dander up,
With mad-mouthed bellowado,
This Bass will be most apt to give
Them all a Bass-thado!

.....And talking about circuses, "Our Jim" is not very well pleased with Gilmore in her new play of "La Cigale." It seems that the boy took her in on Saturday night, and he says that Charlotte is like everybody else when they get up in the world; for, while she was good enough to take up with the circus people when she was *poor*, and hadn't even a cellar-door to shelter her, and found pleasure in the society of the ring-master and clowns, and the lightning calculator and other sympathetic whose people, just so soon as she finds herself an heiress and a dukess, she flies her kite as high as the unfinished Brooklyn Bridge, goes back on her old show friends, and shakes the sawdust from her dainty little feet. Heretofore, Jim has been an admirer of Charlotte's, and has even gone so far as to send her chewing-gum and verses to match; but her conduct last Saturday night opened his eyes to her perfidy, and he shakes her like an aspen leaf. No more gum-drops for her, no more fig-paste, no more bolivars, no more tender lines of beautiful poetry. We endeavored to postulate with the vicious boy, and explain to him that the motive of the play *compelled* her to act as she did; but he wouldn't have it. "What I seen I seen, and, if that's the kind of a grasshopper she is, give me a potater-bug fust!".....Shou'd another war break out in Europe, we shall be flooded, probably, by lyric artists and others who have been "completing their studies there."".....Levy the cornetist now claims to be "the greatest player on earth." *We* thought he was a player on brass. (This interpolation has been expended for two meanings, and, apprehensive that friend Levy may take a wrong view of it, we hasten to disavow any intention to wound his feelings, or to "bring a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious." How's that, Jimmy? "Well, it looks like as if *you* was a-eatin' backwards, too; but peace is me motto, and I'd let her pitch into me."—ED.).....Thanksgiving is a-coming! Thursday, November 28, has been fixed upon, and, as it is always good for big houses, managers of traveling troupes and owners of halls had better make their arrangements in time. A word to the wise thanksgivers is sufficient.....One of the effects of the "Pinafore" craze is pretty certain to manifest itself in the new play to be produced this evening at the Theatre Comique is a crash and steamboat collision. That is right. We have had nothing but *real* steamboat collisions and things for some time. The mimic representation will be a relief to our sorely-tried feelings.....The great hurdle-rider Morgan has joined Barnum's show. We stop the press to say that, for the benefit of any circuses this Morgan to be Johnny Morgan who plays the organ, they are mistaken—his name is William, and a good enough Morgan he is, too.....Election being close at hand, mass meetings—at which ground and lofty tumbling forms a feature of the entertainments—are now of nightly occurrence. These are exhibitions of a monotonous and forbidding nature, with legitimate amusements, but not for long. Some good stock might be taken from our stump orators and grafted upon the legitimate boards.....Somebody should be getting ready to recite that soul-stirring composition "Beautiful Snow." From the great and growing West, which gets everything the first and foremost, comes word that snow has been falling there, and that, too, before we have had a chance to get in anything about the melancholy days, the sere and yellow leaf, etc. It may be well to remind our readers that, up to the present time, no trace of the author of "Beautiful Snow" has been discovered; and, therefore, anybody who is at liberty to do so can receive the thousands of letters from all parts of the world asking if *we* did not write that poem. We are not of those who, like Arbuckle and Bent, blow their own trumpet; hence we neither admit nor deny the accusation, for "silence is golden."".....Parties who are exhibiting the phonograph throughout the country were the cause of excitement last week over the news that Edison's Baby Is a boy! What next?.....Tony Pastor presents an unusually fine array of talent this week at his Broadway Palace Theatre. His pathetic ballad in reference to the whereabouts of Moses is still a much-mooted question. It's a curious fact in our domestic economy that the overflow from Tony Pastor's and the overflow from Niblo's Garden failed to crowd both houses. You would scarcely believe this, would you?.....*Watch* presentations are in order just now. Time is a good way, and this is the proper *time* to *show* people how to *keep the piece!* [You will probably make a correct *minute* of this without our assistance; but, for fear you may get befogged, we have italicized the *striking* points.—ED.] We are to get "Carmen" again to-night, and Philadelphia has already enforced the opinion of New York respecting the merits of this opera. It is something to find anything new, and successful, in that line. In years to come, when the airs of "Carmen" shall have grown as familiar as are those of "Martha" and "Il Trovatore," the student of music will turn back and pensively ponder over these pertinent poetizings [copyrighted]:

"CARMEN."
When "Carmen" you see—if you see it—
And you're calm in your judgment, pray note
How prompt the audience are hence it
A success, by a very large vote.
And further observe—if you ever
For odd sort of things have a love—
That here is an opera which shows you
A Hauk who is really a dove!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Marie Gordon occupied a box on the night that Von Stamwitz made her metropolitan debut in English. Miss Mary Anderson occupied another. Dion Boucicault was pretty much all over.....The "Commodore" of the Plymouth Rock is to pilot Genevieve Ward from Brooklyn all the way across the Continent. Genevieve in after-ages may point with pride, and probably with profit, to the many places the model Joseph Tooker..... Mme. Tournaire, so long without a rival in the manage-act, has at last a successor. Among old circus-men there is no division of opinion as to the side-saddle equestrianism of Emma Louisa Thatcher, now with Barnum's Circus. they pronounce it the finest ever seen in this city..... Who does not remember Wallack's Theatre, and what Bowery "boy" forty years old will fail to remember Manus Kelly? The refreshment table at the Cathedral Fair is in charge of Mrs. Manus Crocheron, now of the Brower House, and among her assistants is Barney Williams' sister, Widow Manus Kelly.....Henry D. Palmer of Jarrett & Palmer sails for England on Nov. 2, accompanied by his family. This means that it is the present intention of the firm to become permanent managers in Great Britain.....John Denier is doing "Humpty Dumpty" almost exclusively for the titivation of juveniles in out-of-town places, and so far has done an encouraging business at extremely "popular prices." He is not catering for adults..... Miss Florence Moss, daughter of the treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, has turned actor, for "sweet charity's sake." Every night, aided by her sister, she impersonates Rebecca at the Well for the benefit of the general Cathedral Fair fund, but more especially for the advancement of the table of the Catholic "Actors' Church" (St. Agnes'), whose pastor, by the way, is the Rev. H. A. McDonall, a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Jonathan Cummings of St. Stephens', who was the favorite pastor of professional vocalists..... Dr. Spalding, formerly of the firm of Spalding & Rogers, while not seriously ill, is yet sufficiently an invalid to be confined to his farm.....There is sharp rivalry between Fred Rullman and French & Son. The latter have secured the right to sell books of the opera in the lobbies of the Academy, and are charging thirty-five cents a piece; while Rullman, who used to sell inside at aristocratic rates, is now selling outside at "popular prices"—ten cents..... Mrs. Adams has placed a vase of dark-blue Quincy granite at the foot of her husband's remains, in Philadelphia, and at the head a stone bearing this inscription: "Edwin Adams. Born Feb. 3, 1834. Died Oct. 28, 1877.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This is a man.'"

The quotation was chosen by John McCullough. The Actors' Order of Friendship is also to erect a monument to Mr. Adams.....Charles J. Rogers was in this city on Monday and Tuesday of last week, on the way to his home in Philadelphia, after a visit to his old partner in the circus business, Dr. Spalding of Saugerties, N. Y. .....Mlle. Marie Litta gave a concert at Bloomington, Ill., on the night of Oct. 21. She was assisted by amateur talent. The opinion expressed by her audience was that her voice has wonderfully improved in volume, tone and elasticity since she was last heard in Bloomington..... Ambrose Thomas the composer married Mlle. Elvire Remaury on Oct. 5, at Nancy, France..... Shakespeare's "Hamlet" has been translated into Hindostanee.....Edwin D. Plimpton, a member of the board of directors of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city on Sept. 30.....H. J. Byron is to write a new play for E. A. Sothern upon materials furnished by the latter. It is to be called "Dundreary's Private Theatrical Speech."..... On the night of the 23d, while returning to Booth's Theatre, Miss Genevieve Ward had a palpable escape from serious injury, the carriage in which she was riding having collided with an offal-wagon, whose driver was intoxicated. Von Bulow is to give a series of concerts in Cologne, beginning in December next. .....Letters of administration were on Oct. 23 granted by Surrogate Calvin to John B. Power of Brooklyn. The brother of Edwin Adams, the latter left a personal estate worth about $2,000, and a will bequeathing all his property to his two brothers, thus unaccountably ignoring his wife, privately married, Mrs. Agnes O'Neil, who nursed him in his illness and was with him when he died. As no executor was named in the will, an administrator has been appointed.....May Fisk's suit against Jim Fisk, jr., for $800 damages, and for an injunction restraining the Mayor from interfering with her performance should she visit that place again (which injunction was denied), has been supplemented by an action on the part of the Hon. Patrick Gilmore, proprietor of the Opera-house. He claims $5,000 for trespass and for injury to the reputation of his house.....Nilsson will receive $6,000 per night to sing in St. Petersburg, Russia, this Winter. Albani has agreed to do Nilsson's work for $3,000 less per night, and therefore the director of the Imperial Opera has thrown Nilsson overboard..... On Oct. 24, in the Marine Court, the suit of John Thompson, manager of a company that last month acted at the Stadt Theatre, this city, came up on a motion to vacate the attachment issued. Judge Sedgwick denied the motion, on the ground that the question raised was on the merits, and he could not try the merits on affidavits. The suit is against Henry J. David, and is for salary.....Mr. Piggott, author of Plays, Pieces, etc., refused to license "Bolton Rowe's" latest adaptation, "Niniche." Miss Kate Santley, for whom the adaptation was made, is said to have gone to the unresenting Examiner on sight and to have offered to kiss the censor if he'd let up on him from outside his bedroom door." No wonder the man of broken rest refused..... Maude Granger is to appear at the Standard Theatre, this city, on Nov. 11, in the drama "Almost a Life," already known as "Two Loves"..... Clark, the London refreshment caterer, is credited with having bought the Grecian Theatre, London, of George Conquest..... It is the intention of Frederick Mollenhauer, violin-player and composer, to give a "farewell concert" at Steinway Hall, this city, on Nov. 25, when Miss Minnie Inman will assist in Novelty Hall, Jersey City, on Dec. 2. ..... Miss Carlotta Eveiyn is to join the staff of our Standard Theatre company in November.....Mme. Materna, the German prima-donna, contemplates a tour in the United States next year.....It is stated that Mr. Strakosch has offered her $18,000 for thirty performances, a free passage, and bed and board for three persons.....Arthur Matthison's "A False Step," condemned by the Censor of the British Stage, may be brought out in Dublin, Ireland, which is beyond the jurisdiction of the C. B. S..... At the Coliseum, Cincinnati, on the night of Oct. 23, Jo Rainbolt, in shooting at a potato held between a thumb and forefinger by his wife, hit the finger. It was not the marksman's fault, nor the potato's. The lady had altered the position of her hand. She "made no sign," bravely held the potato up for another shot, walked off the stage, and then, womanlike, fainted. She was not seriously hurt.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT TONY PASTOR'S, during the past week, Murphy and Morton, clever exponents of Irish songs-and-dances, gave "Mary Ann McLaughlin" and "Over There in Ireland;" Billy Carter, a local favorite, who has been absent from the metropolitan boards for some time, received a cordial welcome, his banjo-songs and interpolated witticisms meeting with much favor; and Bonnie Bunnells appeared in his Dutch specialties, and as Hermann Klaus in the opening sketch of "Tickle Me Under the Chin." These were the fresh arrivals. Tony Pastor sang "Where was Moses When the Light Went Out?" a ditty describing many things that Talmage did not see during his recent "tour of New York," and another painting the woes of the plague-stricken South, and ending the munificent charity of the North, all of which were freely applauded. The specialties of the Irwin Sisters, Harry and John Kernell, Watson and Ellis, Harry Kennedy, Kitty O'Neil, Billy Barry, and the sketch of "Unwelcome Visitors" filled out the bill, to an excellent business.

BUSINESS continued good at the Theatre Comique last week, when "The Mulligan-guard Picnic," with Harrigan and Hart in the chief roles, was acted for the last times. Mollie Wilson, serio-comic, renewed her former successes; Fred F. Levantine in equilibristic feats with globes, a cross, a large dining-room table, and a barrel, exhibited much skill, which secured the approval of the audience; Moore and Lossinger, in a rough-and-tumble Dutch sketch called "Ulrich's Troubles," made a fair impression; Marie Whittingham and the youthful vocalist Master Newman, whose voice is now rapidly developing into a baritone, scored a success in their duets, particularly a fresh one entitled "Grandmother's Clock;" Johnson and Bruno, after an absence of nearly two years, were cordially received, and their songs-and-dances and eccentricities aroused their old-time enthusiasm; Macklm and Bryant, in neat Irish songs-and-dances, including "Ireland's Farewell" and "The Barneys," were commendable. In addition to these, who were the fresh specialties in the olio, Johnny Shay performed in the sketch "I Will Not Fight," Goss and Fox in "Sweet Polly Blossom" and John Wild, Billy Gray, and Harry A. Fisher in "Old Times Rocks," rechristened "The Road to Ruin."

GEORGE W. HERBERT has been the recipient of an onyx seal-ring bearing the monogram and the inscription on the inside: "Presented by W. J. Florence to G. W. Herbert, Oct. 12." It is a testimonial in recognition of Mr. Herbert's labors in effectively mounting "The Mighty Dollar" at its last production in this city.

D. H. HARKINS' excellent portrayal of De Sartorys in "Frou-Frou" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week materially enhanced the attractiveness of that piece. Improvement is being constantly made by Modjeska in the details of her business, and we think that Frou-Frou is likely to become the strongest role in her repertory.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE Jarrett & Palmer's dramatic season terminated Oct. 26. "Macbeth" was acted 21, 22, 23, and "Jane Shore," which was revived 24, ran the rest of the week, "The Honeymoon," with John H. Bird (a volunteer) as the Duke Aranza and Miss Ward as Juliana, being added on the night of 25 for that lady's farewell benefit. George Vandenhoff, who was cast for Macbeth, was unable to appear owing to illness, a physician's certificate to that effect being printed in the house-bills. Milnes Levick was substituted. J. B. Grismer acted Macduff 21, but was replaced by James H. Taylor 22, 23. Genevieve Ward's conception of Lady Macbeth was like that of the late Charlotte Cushman. While the methods she used in depicting the character evinced that she had been a close student, her portrayal as a whole was not satisfactory. Milnes Levick's Macbeth was an agreeable surprise. It was evenly and consistently sustained, save at the close of the tragedy, when he was evidently somewhat disconcerted by the gentleman acting Macduff. His reading was forcible and intelligent, and bore traces of thoughtful study. He excelled in delineating Macbeth's terror and sudden changes of feeling, and particularly was this noticeable in the banquet-scene, when he was well-nigh perfect. James H. Taylor's delivery was monotonous, and at times indistinct, while at others he exhibited an uncertainty in the knowledge of the text which caused him to halt and stammer. J. L. Carhart is to be praised for a thoroughly good impersonation of King Duncan. Frank Little as Banquo in the latter left a personal estate worth about $2,000, and a will bequeathing all his property to his two brothers, thus unaccountably ignoring his wife, privately married, Mrs. Agnes O'Neil, who nursed him in his illness and was with him when he died. As no executor was named in the will, an administrator has been appointed.....May Fisk's suit against Jim Fisk, jr., for $800 damages, and for an injunction restraining the Mayor from interfering with her performance should she visit that place again (which injunction was denied), has been supplemented by an action on the part of the Hon. Patrick Gilmore, proprietor of the Opera-house. He claims $5,000 for trespass and for injury to the reputation of his house.....Nilsson will receive $6,000 per night to sing in St. Petersburg, Russia, this Winter. Albani has agreed to do Nilsson's work for $3,000 less per night, and therefore the director of the Imperial Opera has thrown Nilsson overboard..... On Oct. 24, in the Marine Court, the suit of John Thompson, manager of a company that last month acted at the Stadt Theatre, this city, came up on a motion to vacate the attachment issued. Judge Sedgwick denied the motion, on the ground that the question raised was on the merits, and he could not try the merits on affidavits. The suit is against Henry J. David, and is for salary.....Mr. Piggott, author of Plays, Pieces, etc., refused to license "Bolton Rowe's" latest adaptation, "Niniche." Miss Kate Santley, for whom the adaptation was made, is said to have gone to the unresenting Examiner on sight and to have offered to kiss the censor if he'd let up on him from outside his bedroom door." No wonder the man of broken rest refused..... Maude Granger is to appear at the Standard Theatre, this city, on Nov. 11, in the drama "Almost a Life," already known as "Two Loves"..... Clark, the London refreshment caterer, is credited with having bought the Grecian Theatre, London, of George Conquest..... It is the intention of Frederick Mollenhauer, violin-player and composer, to give a "farewell concert" at Steinway Hall, this city, on Nov. 25, when Miss Minnie Inman will assist in Novelty Hall, Jersey City, on Dec. 2. ..... Miss Carlotta Eveiyn is to join the staff of our Standard Theatre company in November.....Mme. Materna, the German prima-donna, contemplates a tour in the United States next year.....It is stated that Mr. Strakosch has offered her $18,000 for thirty performances, a free passage, and bed and board for three persons.....Arthur Matthison's "A False Step," condemned by the Censor of the British Stage, may be brought out in Dublin, Ireland, which is beyond the jurisdiction of the C. B. S..... At the Coliseum, Cincinnati, on the night of Oct. 23, Jo Rainbolt, in shooting at a potato held between a thumb and forefinger by his wife, hit the finger. It was not the marksman's fault, nor the potato's. The lady had altered the position of her hand. She "made no sign," bravely held the potato up for another shot, walked off the stage, and then, womanlike, fainted. She was not seriously hurt.

ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ made her metropolitan debut as an English-speaking actress, in the Broadway Theatre, Oct. 21, in "Messalina," a historical drama in five acts, which was cast as follows: Valeria Messalina, Von Stamwitz; Marcus, J. Wheelock; Caius Silius, O. H. Barr; Narcisseus, M. V. Lingham; Decius Calpurnianus, W. H. Crompton; Vettius Valens, E. Stirling; Cæcina Paetus, E. M. Day; Barea Soranus, V. Hogan; Syrus, J. Macauley; Kallius, J. H. Burnett; Slave, C. F. Merighi; Arria, Mrs. J. L. Carhart; Julia, Miss Jessie Randolph; Glaucka, Miss Kellogg. The work of translating the drama from the German original has not been effectively accomplished. We much doubt if any piece founded upon incidents in this notorious woman's career would prove successful with the general public, and we call to mind that in the past Miss J. M. Davenport acted in a similar drama, entitled "Valeria," written by Epes Sargent of Boston, Mass., in which she impersonated the title-role, as well as that of Lycisca, a character the Roman Empress assumed during those hours of her life which were devoted to questionable practices. It failed to attain the success hoped for, although written in admirable language and abounding in effective situations. The piece at the Broadway was well mounted, and a number of auxiliaries, male and female, had been engaged to give due effect to the pageantry, which is no inconsiderable feature. Von Stamwitz is of the Vestvali and Janauschek school, and much of her style in the beauty of face and figure of the former, and no little of the intensity in expressing various emotions of the latter. Her pronunciation and emphasis of our language are faulty, and it is evident that she labors under the serious drawback of being compelled to think in one language and to give expression to those thoughts in another. She has achieved no slight success upon the German stage, and evinces the possession of abilities which will with future study and practice no doubt secure her the fruition of her present wishes. On the opening night she suffered greatly from nervousness, and her acting did not appear to so much advantage as it did later in the week, when she was freely applauded, and several times called before the curtain. J. F. Wheelock as Marcus had so peculiar a part to impersonate that, although we have hitherto published a synopsis of the story of the plot of the drama, we may be pardoned for repeating, in other language and after the style of the police-court reporter, such portions as will describe that character. One night, when Messalina was "cruising" in the streets of Rome, she meets Marcus, and, being impressed by his physical beauty, "picks him up." Later she causes her confidential slave, Glaucka, to bring him by a secret passage into the palace, and she places him at some distance from her while she contemplates and eulogizes his manly beauty. She succeeds in leading him from the paths of rectitude; and subsequently, while they are in soft dalliance in a pavilion in the palace styled the "Temple of Venus," an enemy of Messalina brings Arria, the mother of Marcus, thither, with the intention of surprising them. Although Arria does not gain admission to the apartments, her son hears her voice, and knows that he has been betrayed. In the gray dawn of morning Marcus returns to his own apartments, he finds his mother in his bedchamber. She discards and curses him, and informs him that the only way to preserve